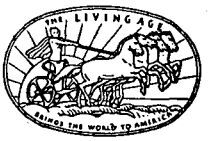
THE LIVING AGE



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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

IN THE Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the industrial sections of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan there are not a few towns in which everything is owned by the 'company,' from the factories and mines down to the houses in which the workers live. In such towns men, women and children are the almost completely helpless subjects of the owners; the workers are herded into 'company unions' or 'employee representation plans' ruled by the factory management; their wives have no alternative but to buy at the company-owned stores; their families must live in the company-owned houses or none at all; they can scarcely call their souls their own. Various attempts have been made to break this 'rule of the bosses,' but so far none has met with much success; campaigns to unionize these areas have been ruthlessly fought; and State and Federal Governments have either pursued a 'hands off' policy or have intervened, in times of crisis, to help the owners maintain and strengthen their power.

Intelligent and alert Americans have long known of these conditions; but only the specialist in industrial relations realizes that almost precisely the same conditions exist in Europe, even in *free* Europe —in France, for instance. It is for that reason that we take particular pleasure in presenting this month a translation of an article on the Duchy of the de Wendels, which appeared in a recent number of *Lumière*, a Left-wing weekly published in Paris. The de Wendel family is one of the oldest and most powerful of the French industrial group; it owns and manages a vast aggregate of factories, steel mills and mines in Alsace and Lorraine. In his article Mr. Habaru shows how completely and how autocratically the de Wendels rule their domain [p. 480]. If a bill which Premier Léon Blum recently introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies is passed, this and many other similar 'domains' will be nationalized.

THREE from the East is a group of three articles from three Oriental sources. The first, by a Harbin correspondent of the *China Weekly Review*, describes Soviet activities in Eastern Siberia, where, in spite of the fact that Japan's attention seems now to be centered on China and the South Seas, the Communist Government is pressing forward developments which will prove of great strategic importance in case of war. [p. 487]

PROFESSOR Tadao Yanaihara is a member of the Faculty of the Imperial University at Tokyo. The article by him which we reprint, in translation, from the Japanese monthly *Kaizo* contains a number of sensational revelations about Japanese expansion in the Pacific Islands; and the fact that the author protests the innocence of Japan's intentions in that quarter, and insists that the expansion will be carried out by purely economic measures, does not decrease in the slightest the significance of the moves he reveals —especially to Americans. For 'the flag follows trade.' [p. 491]

'THE gangs of New York have had their historians,' says the author of *The Sky-Blue Circle*. 'The gangs of Chicago are still front page news whenever anything happens in that city of meat packers. But it still remains for somebody to write the story of the gangs of Shanghai.' What 'Kunikos' gives us is a chapter from that story. [p. 494]

LAST month we reprinted from the *New Statesman and Nation* a piece on A. E. Housman by Percy Withers, who, as a friend of the poet, was able to write an

(*Continued on page 558*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

August, 1936 *Volume 350, Number 4439*

The World Over

ENGLAND'S PREPARATIONS for war have encountered an unexpected obstacle: Englishmen decline to join the army. Recent figures show that the regular army is 9,000 men under strength. From the present peacetime basis of 190,985 men, 26,000 will retire next March. The Territorials (militia) lack 45,000 men; the shortage in London alone amounts to 7,000. The first anti-aircraft division falls 10,000 below establishment. Even the Royal Air Force finds difficulty enlisting enough pilots to man the large number of new planes. Secretary of State for War A. Duff-Cooper complains that 'instancing only the aircraft units which would be engaged in the defense of London, they are more than 50 per cent short of their full strength.'

This was the situation which provoked the Minister's famous speech insisting that it was necessary to 'scare people to death' with warnings of the war menace in Europe. Newspapers discuss conscription quite openly and Ministers refer to the subject guardedly in their speeches. Sir Thomas Inskip, Coördinating Minister of Defense, addressed the British Legion as follows: 'If the Government does not resort to conscription for providing the nation with the forces necessary to defend it and to carry out the responsibilities which it has incurred to other nations, there will have to be some other way of providing the forces which may be necessary.'

But Mr. Baldwin, who promised not to introduce conscription in peace-time, hesitates. As a result, employers have been mobilized in a

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campaign to get the boys into khaki, or at least into the Territorials. Heads of prominent industrial firms, under direction of the Government, have encouraged their employees to join this body, promising vacations with pay and other premiums. The managing director of Smith's English Clocks at Cricklewood, for instance, urged his men to enlist. He pointed out that all fares to drills and camps are paid, clothing provided free, and an annual bounty up to £5 awarded. 'If the appeal for the Territorials fails,' Mr. Smith warned, 'a form of conscription is inevitable.' The Left-wing press and labor organizations have firmly opposed this recruiting campaign. Borough councils, among them the London County Council, have refused to coöperate. As a result, the campaign has met with little success.

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY—Ireland's opportunity. This, at least, provides the readiest explanation of President De Valera's surprising speech in which he tendered some olive leaves to the 'Sassenach' simultaneously with his cracking down on the Irish Republican Army. To England, engaged in a vast preparedness program, this should mean much. For Ireland is of more than purely military importance to Britain. The new industrial Irish Free State, with its factories operating on low costs with cheap peasant labor, constitutes an excellent annex to the British industrial mobilization plan. For some time British ordnance officers have been trying to distribute armament factories in various parts of the United Kingdom, as a precaution against air bombardment. To De Valera, the politician, success or failure of his move may play an important part in his next electoral campaign. Accumulated discontent against the Anglo-Irish trade war and an industrial revival that has absorbed only a part of the unemployed threaten his chances. More factories would spell less opposition in industrial centers. Also, he may lead the British into a settlement of the still unsatisfactory status of Ireland's independence. A columnist in *Reynolds News* illuminates this situation and offers some forecasts:—

> I was able to reveal exclusively, some three months ago, the Irish Free State plans, since officially declared, for the building of a munitions factory on the Shannon. Now I learn that two more plants are under consideration, the sites to be in the Cork district. Kynoch's old factory there, closed down after the war, may possibly be rebuilt.
>
> *Extraordinary interest attaches to this move, which is a vital factor in the secret negotiations between the British Government and the Irish Free State towards a complete and permanent settlement. The output of the munitions factories must obviously be absorbed by Great Britain. With an army of only 5,000 it would not pay the Free State to be self-supporting in armaments.*
>
> Meanwhile, the strongest pressure is being exerted on the Northern Government to agree to a United Ireland, and some sensational developments may be

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expected before the autumn. Curiously, one of the best cards in the agricultural South's hand against the die-hards of the industrial North is cheap electrical power. Ulster industrialists badly want to tap the Shannon 'juice,' at a low rate.

BUT FACTORIES and pacts do not tell the whole story. Over a year ago, rumors that the German Lufthansa planned an air line to Dublin stirred England to action. A famous British firm sent an airplane circus on a junket throughout the Free State and negotiations with Mansion House followed. Now, for the first time, England and the Free State are linked by a passenger air line. Two services run from Dublin, one to Liverpool via the Isle of Man, the other directly to Bristol. The arrangement is maintained on a reciprocal basis, an Irish and English company working harmoniously together. But the joint effort fails, rather curiously, to give real 'service.' For the plane leaves Dublin at 9 o'clock in the morning and passengers arrive in London [by train from Bristol] about two in the afternoon. Thus no business can be done in Dublin before departure and not much in London after arrival. It therefore offers little advantage over the overnight rail and steamship route. The *Sunday Times* suggests the real reason. 'They [the services] are the outcome of long negotiation to safeguard national rights and prestige . . . The whole plan seems to have in view developments that may arise in the case of war.'

THE VISIT TO LONDON of Mr. Oswald Pirow, Minister of Defense of the South African Government, introduced on the world stage a figure who may profoundly alter the rôle of this part of the British Empire and quite probably will have much to say if the mandated territories in Africa ever change hands. The *Spectator* regards him as the natural successor to the aging Smuts and Hertzog (now Premier). He is young, aggressive, and typical of that wing of the Boer element which firmly believes that it is as vital for the Empire to include South Africa as it is for South Africa to enjoy the protection of British sea power. The Admiralty can well appreciate this view now that the Suez route to India must be regarded as permanently endangered by the power of Italy. London–Capetown–Bombay provides a good alternative. Sir Samuel Hoare, new Lord of the Admiralty, can well see the point that Mr. Pirow makes, namely, that Simonstown should be heavily fortified and converted into a great naval base, the Singapore of South Africa.

Such a plan possesses great attractions for South Africa, which is not as remote as it used to be before the advent of the airplane and Mussolini. Also, as the writer in the *Spectator* archly remarks, 'A covetous Asiatic power, if there is such a thing, could make the native policy of South Africa a *casus belli* without much call on its ingenuity.'

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Indeed, the handful of white inhabitants, Boers and British, feel distinctly uncomfortable among the great mass of the colored population. This condition has found expression in recent legislation disfranchising the natives. South African leaders believe in taking the offensive and asserting the dominance of the white race in Africa. General Hertzog announced on June 11 that the Union of South Africa will take over the native protectorates, Swaziland, Basutoland and Bechuanaland, heretofore under Crown administration. The South African Government is already interested in the mandates and has staked out a claim to one of these, Southwest Africa. The Southwest Africa Commission (composed of two Boers and one Britisher) recently published a very interesting report. The report shows that this former German colony, now a mandate under the Versailles treaty, suffers from typical Nazi intrigues. German inhabitants have been intimidated by Nazi cells and there has been 'abolition of freedom of speech and even of personal conduct for a large number of Germans who are subjects of the Union.'

In conclusion, the report declares that no legal obstacle exists to prevent the territory from being governed as a province of the Union of South Africa, subject to the provisions of the mandate. One need not wonder that Mr. Pirow solicits the establishment of an arms factory in his land and the stationing of battleships at Simonstown.

His conference ended, Mr. Pirow left for home. The results of the negotiations, though not yet made public, may well make history.

THE WAVE OF STRIKES which has broken widely, but by no means violently, over France resulted from a number of factors, the least of which was revolutionary activity for the overthrow of capitalism. The workers did not 'occupy,' nor seek to operate, the factories as the Italian workers did preceding the advent of Mussolini. They simply resorted to the 'stay-in' strike, a method employed by regular trade-unions in both England and the United States. Also, leaders of the Communist party endeavored to get the men back to work as soon as they tactfully could. The real force behind the movement arose from a very natural demand for better wages and working conditions, which had suffered from the protracted depression. Next in importance, certain conditions in the existing trade-union situation helped. For instance, the recent amalgamation of the Confédération Générale du Travail (Socialist) and the Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire (Communist) removed a hindrance which formerly prevented effective union policy. In years past, these two organizations customarily fought each other rather than the employer.

Also, many of the recent strikes took place in factories where no

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union existed. In such cases, absence of union discipline unduly prolonged trouble. Provocation by Fascist elements undoubtedly played a part. The *Manchester Guardian* correspondent noted that the Croix de Feu incited workers to 'stay in' even after the employers had offered reasonable agreements. All in all, the foreign press must assume responsibility for much exaggeration and distortion of the facts about the real nature of the strikes. Even the conservative *Paris-Soir* complained:—

> In their zeal to provide information to their readers, some of the foreign papers went too far. For instance, a certain journal across the Atlantic gave the surprising news that the plant of this newspaper had been burnt by the strikers. Also a sheet down on the Danube announced seriously that no more cats were to be seen on the streets of Paris: they were all kept indoors in preparation for a food shortage—'just as under the Commune.'

As a matter of fact, all this labor trouble may force revolution in quite another sector—the currency. Increased labor costs in French industry, already injured in its foreign markets by adherence to the gold standard, have inspired French industrialists and business interests to a strong demand for devaluation. Premier Blum has been resisting this out of a healthy respect for the *petit rentier* element in the Front Populaire, and for labor, which fears a rise in the cost of living following such devaluation. However, many of Blum's statements on the subject contain hints that perhaps circumstances may force his hand. Certainly big business is fighting strongly for devaluation.

Paul Reynaud, outstanding exponent of devaluation and regarded by many as the real leader of the Opposition in the Chamber, directs this struggle. Why Mr. Reynaud protests so strongly may be gathered from an analysis of his private interests published in *Bourse et République*, a journal particularly concerned with the maneuvers of the 'financial oligarchy.' According to this paper,

> He is President of the board of directors and representative of the majority stockholders of a large firm in Mexico, Las Fabricas Universales. This enterprise takes its receipts in silver pesos, but owes its creditors in gold francs. Las Fabricas Universales is closely connected with A. Reynaud & Cie., in which Reynaud was until recently director and in which he is at present represented by his mother. In November, 1933, this firm had to call in its creditors and reveal its insolvency. It is easy to understand why Reynaud wishes to free himself from debt.

Of course, much of French industry struggles under a load of heavy bond issues and would consequently welcome devaluation.

THE BELGIAN STRIKES, quickly following the French, represent more than a mere hours-and-wages dispute. They mark the beginning

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of a pre-Front Populaire stage in Belgian politics. The Front Populaire in France first arose to meet the menace of the Fascist Colonel de La Rocque and his Croix de Feu. Now the Colonel has a counterpart in Léon Degrelle, leader of the Fascist Rexists. But Degrelle impetuously starts where the French 'Führer' left off. Unlike de La Rocque he makes no attempt to conceal the fact that he is a Fascist. He confessedly admires Hitler and follows his technique closely. Thus he cultivates the petty bourgeoisie and workers, and assails bankers and great industrialists. To seize power, he will employ two methods, propaganda and terror.

The Socialist party, the largest in the Chamber, has so far made no effective move to meet this danger. The party still pursues the policy of coöperating with the middle-class Catholic party, as the Radicals in France joined the Laval coalition government. But strikes and agitation in its Left wing reinforce the demand for a People's Front against Fascism. This, according to the *Neue Weltbühne*, is Belgium's only salvation:—

> In France, the proportionately weaker Socialist party has taken the political leadership; by beating Fascism it has come to power. Why has Léon Blum achieved success? Because of his adaptability. The clever concentration of power in unity and the Front Populaire made possible his offensive. To be sure, political powers are differently constituted in Belgium; there is neither a Radical nor a strong Communist party; Belgium has no run-off elections, which favored the French parties of the Left. Nevertheless, it is clear from all this that the man who is renovating Socialist politics in western Europe in the most practical way is not Henri de Man but Léon Blum. If de Brouckère and Pierard now want the policy of unity and the Front Populaire, it is because the French method is demonstrably better than a narrow nationalistic one. Léon Blum's method appears to possess a universal value for the present labor movement in Europe.

WHAT THE PEOPLE'S FRONT in Spain has done since its victory last February disappoints conservative Cassandras and Communist wishful-thinkers equally. Instead of the predicted overthrow of the capitalist system, Spain seems to have chosen, for the moment, the path of reform. The Left bourgeois Republicans still run the Government and their leader, Manuel Azaña, while elevated to the less decisive position of President, still keeps his hand on the reins through his friend Casares Quiroga, the new Premier. Louis Fischer had an interview with Azaña, and, writing in the London *Reynolds News*, describes Azaña's plans:—

> The Bank of Spain, now a private institution, governed by a desire for profit, would be placed more directly under Government control in order that it might serve a new social purpose. It would not be nationalized, however. 'During 1936,' said Azaña, 'the State would spend one hundred million pesetas to facilitate land reform. Next year more money would be available. In September of this year, the peasants who had received land would be given between four and ten

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thousand pesetas per household for the purchase of necessary cattle and equipment.'

Then Azaña made a surprising declaration. 'The kernel of our land reform,' he asserted, 'is the restitution of land to the villages on a collective basis. Centuries ago collectives were the tradition of the Spanish villages. . . .' 'Might not these changes on the land,' I ventured, 'if unaccompanied by State ownership of industries, strengthen the capitalist régime in the cities by creating a richer peasant market for industrial commodities?' 'Yes,' he frankly replied, 'They will strengthen the urban bourgeoisie, but that bourgeoisie is not anti-republican . . . What I strive for is a very Left Republic with some Socialist innovations.'

Mr. Fischer gathered expressions of opinion from other personalities, also. According to these, Azaña's plans may have to be altered.

The consensus of unbiased opinion, even of anti-Socialist opinion, however, is that, in the end, the bourgeoisie will have to yield to the Socialists. A prominent foreign diplomat said to me only today: 'In five years Spain will be a wholly Socialist state.' The Socialists and Communists would differ with him on one point: they are convinced it will not take five years. Nevertheless they refuse to be committed on how soon it will be. 'A year or two' is as precise as most of them are willing to be for the moment.

THE SOUTH CHINA theater of the Sino-Japanese struggle offers some puzzling problems to political observers. Of course, the sudden activity on the part of the Cantonese Government has been inspired by the new *Drang nach Suden* of the Japanese. For the Japanese from their neighboring possession of Formosa have directed a campaign of penetration into Fukien province, adjacent to Cantonese territory, in a manner reminiscent of Manchuria. Yet at the same time relations between Canton and Nanking become hostile. Cantonese troops march north with much flourishing of both anti-Japanese and anti-Nanking trumpets. Nanking forces march south just as belligerently, stopping the Cantonese in their tracks. Will North and South keep the peace by reaching an agreement, as they have in the past? Or will they plunge China into civil war? Has Japanese intrigue brought this situation about in order to divide and rule? The *Economist* offers an answer:—

It looks as though the flux in the political relations between Canton and the Yangtze Basin might at last be brought to an issue by the slow but sure process of railway construction. It is now reported that, some four months hence, the through route between Hankow and Canton will be opened at last, with the completion of the missing link on the watershed. There is also a project for prolonging the Shanghai-Hangchow Railway southwestward until it joins the Hankow-Canton Railway at a point south of Changsha.

If these two railway developments soon coincide, there will be some prospect at last of politically consolidating all that is left of an independent China under a single Government, which, without being plagued by Chinese rivals, will be able to focus against Japan all the still surviving forces of Chinese resistance. A

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> united South Chinese Government in all probability would not establish its capital in Nanking or Canton, exposed as both of them are to Japanese attack. It would be more likely to seek a safer seat at some point in the interior which had been opened up by the improvement in the South China railway system.

Such a development would, of course, anger Japan. Indeed, Mr. Arita, the Japanese Foreign Minister, apparently had this in mind during a recent conversation with Sir Frederick Leith-Ross in Tokyo, reported by the London *Times* correspondent. The roving envoy of the British government suggested that the revival of Chinese trade might be beneficial to Japan. He received the reply that Nanking can expect no economic assistance from Japan so long as she remains politically hostile. 'In regard,' wrote the *Times* correspondent, 'to certain railway plans which Sir Frederick Leith-Ross considered financially sound, Mr. Arita pointed out that railways in China had political as well as economic aspects.'

Perhaps Sir Frederick's opinion of the 'soundness' of these railways may call forth financial support from London, or New York. In any case, since the Japanese are so keenly aware of the importance of these new lines, the next four months may find Japanese military activity and intrigue racing with the railway construction crews.

THE PROPELLING POWER behind Japan in her renewal of foreign adventure exists, as usual, in unfavorable business conditions at home. During the first quarter of this year, Japanese exports of all kinds of cotton piece goods amounted only to 636,000,000 yards, compared with 714,000,000 yards during the corresponding quarter of 1935. Silk tissues, pottery, paper and caustic soda also showed a decrease. Rayon and toys barely kept to their former level. Raw silk, machinery, miscellaneous iron products and tinned foods were about the only groups which showed an increase. The total of this first quarter's export trade showed a diminutive rise from 561 (1935) to 584 million yen (1936). Meanwhile imports increased from 711 million yen to 773 million. This unfavorable balance continues to grow. During the period from January 1 to May 20 of this year the import excess amounted to 268 million yen as against 194 million last year. The *Statist* surveys this situation:—

> In order to import roughly 30 per cent more than in 1932 of raw materials and other goods needed from abroad, Japan had to increase the volume of her own exports of manufactured articles by more than 53 per cent. A growing proportion of her imports consisted of raw materials in their crudest state, while in her total exports highly finished manufactured articles came to play an increasingly important rôle. It seems therefore that as far as intrinsic values are concerned the expansion in the turnover of Japan's foreign trade must involve a certain national loss. The reason is that as an importer Japan has to put up with world prices which she can hardly influence, while as an exporter she tries to sustain or

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even further extend the value of her total shipments by forcing down her own prices and so disproportionately increasing the volume of her exports.

Meanwhile the domestic market for her goods has suffered. For the Japanese are struggling with a higher cost of living. Index figures of living costs rose 7.6 per cent in the last 12 months, amounting to 18 per cent more than when Japan left the gold standard. Wage rates in the last year fell 1.5 per cent and are now 11.4 per cent less than in 1932. Continuation of this condition can only result in further depression. One alternative, of course, is inflation, and the new Japanese Government, which came into power following the military rebellion, includes a new Minister of Finance who professes to be much less orthodox than his predecessors. But the big business interests strongly resist this and even the Government itself hesitates. It is not difficult to see, therefore, why another diversion in the foreign field finds heavy backing among both military and Government.

JAPAN'S LACK of raw materials undoubtedly provides an incentive for foreign conquest second only to the need for markets, and partly explains the absorption of Manchuria and North China. For China, including Manchuria, possesses a coal reserve of 2,330 tons per person, against Japan's reserve of 150 tons per person, and an iron reserve of 2 tons per person against 1½ tons in Japan. Chinese coal-fields are scattered all over the country, but iron is found principally in Manchuria and North China, along the Yangtze and northwest of Peiping. The great iron mountain of Anshan, for instance, constitutes perhaps the greatest prize in the rich booty of Manchuria.

If iron played a part in drawing Japan into the north, certain nonferrous minerals may have an influence on recent Japanese maneuvering in the south. Japan suffers from a serious shortage of tin, tungsten and antimony. Tin, necessary for canning purposes, exists in large quantities in Yunnan province. Rich deposits of tungsten, used for hardening steel and for the high-speed tools of modern mass-production processes, exist in Kiangsi, Hunan, Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces. Approximately 90 per cent of the world's antimony, employed for hardening lead in shrapnel bullets and in percussion caps of shells and charges, comes from Hunan. All these provinces lie in the southern area now threatened by Japanese influence in Fukien.

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In this study of the domain of one of the most powerful steel and munitions families in France we see how industrial feudalism maintains its sway.

Steeltown, France

By A. Habaru

Translated from *Lumière*, Paris Radical Weekly

By THE side of the road which leads from Metz to Hayange the Wendel Chateau turns its stately back upon the houses of the workers. The passer-by can see only the walls of the park, a chapel of yellow stone, and a neglected farm building. But right by the gate, where a uniformed guard keeps watch, a small tower springs out of the shrubbery. It offers its white walls complacently to the curious eye of the stranger, its small turret with brand-new slate tiles, and, cut in the stone in large characters, a date: 1767.

This little tower, so devoutly restored, is the dovecote of the manor. But no silvery wings flash in the sun; there is no cooing in the shrubbery, no sudden, silken whir of flying wings brushing against the roof—all this is gone. The empty dovecote never opens its windows. It is there merely to remind the passer-by that the Wendels have enjoyed seignorial rights for two centuries. Under the old régime the building of a dovecote was a privilege reserved for the seigneurs only. It flatters Mr. Humbert de Wendel's pride to keep this visible symbol of his rank and title at the side of the road where his workers can see it on their way to and from the factory.

Nevertheless, his ancestors were once upon a time mere commoners, baring their swords in the service of the Dukes of Lorraine. Coming originally from Coblenz—where there lived an executioner by the same name—Christian Wendel attached himself around 1660 to the powerful house of Lavaux, whose estates were situated between Rodange and Longlaville near Longwy. His father, a colonel in a regiment of Cravates, and he himself, a cavalry lieutenant in the army of Charles IV, profited by the wars which ended in the French annexation of Lorraine. Although they grew rich in mercenary warfare, they advanced not a whit from their commoners' class: we see their descendant, Martin Wendel, a steward in the household of the Lords of Ottange.

The administration of the manor

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must have proved lucrative, for in 1704 Martin Wendel bought the Hayange iron works. At that time, when iron-forging was an art to which the Dukes of Lorraine accorded great honors, the right of 'forging' soon brought patents of nobility in its wake. Martin Wendel, who in 1705 had acquired the manor of Hayange, received with his patents of nobility the right to build the symbolic dovecote. His son, Charles, built other factories at Homburg and at Kreuzwald. By the time the Revolution came, his widow, Madame d'Hayange, and their son, François (who founded the Creusot works, the Indret cannon casting foundries and the weapon casting works at Charleville and Tulle, and who was also proprietor of the Pierrart, Berchiwé and Roussel foundries) found themselves at the head of the most important centralized industry of their time.

In a pamphlet which was distributed among the members of the factory staff, as well as in another more expensive brochure, the house of Wendel asserts that it has never made, and is not now engaged in making, cannons. Nevertheless, in 1788 the lady of Hayange addressed to the Marshal de Ségur a note in which she made representations to the effect 'that for more than a century the foundries of Hayange, of which she was an owner, have been engaged in furnishing the artillery with shells, bullets, gun-carriages for mortars, gun-caps and cast-iron cannon balls.' An historian, Dr. Alfred Weyhmann, writes that 'military supplies produced by the Hayange foundries brought their owners great prestige, which they could otherwise never have hoped to attain—to be sure, prestige of a somewhat sinister character, but also possessing remarkable historical interest.'

While Madame d'Hayange was marshaling her factories in the service of the Revolutionary armies, her sons were fighting in the foreign armies. Thus they defended their recently acquired aristocracy and the feudal privileges already enjoyed by their iron industry against the onslaughts of the Republic.

The Revolution did not confiscate the Wendel factories immediately. Madame de Hayange, who now bore the name of Citizeness Wendel, took for a time an active part in the supervision of the factories, which were placed under the jurisdiction of the War Department. Finally the factories were put up for auction and sold for 16,000,000 francs. The buyer having become bankrupt, the Wendels rebought them for 220,000 francs. At that time they were already employing several hundred workers.

II

It was still the time of wood-fed furnaces and of hydraulic power. Soon coke was to replace wood in the shafts of the blast furnaces. François de Wendel, a great industrial figure, acquired, while abroad, some new technical knowledge, particularly in the technique of puddling. He bought the Moyeuvre foundries, as well as the Forest of Styring near Forbach. Under the forest there were coal deposits containing just the sort of pit coal that the Wendels had vainly sought in the Thionville vicinity when they needed it so badly for manufacturing cast-iron cannon balls. By insuring ample reserves of wood for himself, the master of the iron works at the same time

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laid in reserves of combustible minerals. When the first coal pits replaced those smoking heaps of charcoal that used to be scattered in the forest, the Wendels possessed, along with the best industrial equipment of that time, all the raw materials they needed.

The prodigious advance in the metallurgical industry towards the middle of the nineteenth century made the fortune of this family enterprise. Then, unexpectedly, came the war, and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. Hayange, Moyeuvre, Styring-Wendel and Petite-Rosselle passed over to Germany. The Wendels had to choose between the two fatherlands; they chose both. A German company called Les Petits-Fils de François de Wendel et Cie. continued to exploit the older factories. A French society of Wendel and Company built the Joeuf factory on the border. Soon the two companies succeeded in an operation which increased their industrial power tenfold in a few years. They bought the monopoly of the Thomas patent for Alsace-Lorraine and the Meurthe-et-Moselle plants.

The application of the Bessemer process after 1856 had ushered in the era of steel. But it was impossible to use the Bessemer furnace for refining the molten iron extracted from the phosphorous iron ore of Lorraine and Meurthe-et-Moselle. The steel business thrived; but the factories built on the Lorraine iron ore deposits could not use the new equipment. Their future was thus endangered.

They tried to find a means of making the Bessemer furnace immune to phosphorus. In London an insignificant employee of the Tower Court, whose great passion was chemistry, lost his health in an effort to solve this difficult problem. After ten years he solved it. But he was ill, and on the point of starvation. A director of the Stenay works, Mr. Taskin, offered him fifty pounds for the license to use the process in the east of France. Sidney Thomas accepted, and was paid 1250 francs; the next day Robert de Wendel bought the monopoly of the process to use in the Meurthe-et-Moselle works, paying 8,000 francs for it. At the same time his brother, Henri de Wendel, bought up the monopoly rights for Alsace-Lorraine. Thus the house of Wendel was in a position not only to improve its methods of production considerably, but also to hinder the establishment and development of any competing companies. Until 1895 the monopoly which the house of Wendel enjoyed in Lorraine allowed it to keep down the competing German companies, which could not use the Thomas process. In Meurthe-et-Moselle Mr. Robert de Wendel ceded the Thomas license to the Longwy steel works at the price at which he bought it, plus certain royalties; he also entered the administrative counsel of that society, which was to become one of the most important in the country.

During all this time poor Sidney Thomas, wasted by illness, vainly tried to improve his health. He died in 1885 at thirty-five years of age. One can see his neglected grave in the Passy cemetery. Over it stands a simple cross covered with ivy and bearing this inscription: 'He fought a good fight.' Yes, but he lived in misery, and without the sum of three million francs which Siemens paid him at the end of his life, he would have died in poverty.

The house of Wendel owes its whole prodigious fortune today to a poor

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English chemist, the fiftieth anniversary of whose death it neglected to celebrate last year. The seigneurs of Hayange, by divine right lords of iron industries, are grateful only to the Lord. They did not erect any monument to the memory of Sidney Thomas, but instead they built, on the most conspicuous spot in their manor, a beautiful church whose stained-glass windows gleam resplendently in the sun.

The workers were constrained to participate in this pious sign of their patron's gratitude. Two windows of the Hayange church bear the following inscription: 'Gift of the Steel Workers,' and 'Gift of the Miners.' And in the choir, on both sides of the altar, where all the churches in the world usually depict religious scenes, one may see the Wendel family, the noble ladies, dressed in the costumes of feudal times, teaching the Lord's Prayer to their children, dressed as pages. The lords of the manor are not there. Only a discreetly drawn landscape with factories in the background hints at their temporal activities. Every Sunday the faithful of the Hayange parish prostrate themselves before the Wendel family, just as the parishioners of Creusot bow before Mr. Henri Schneider, who is seen entering Paradise with his drooping mustaches and his blacksmith's hammer.

III

From a hill overlooking the valley of Fentsch, Our Lady of Hayange bestows her benediction upon the industrial city below her. Gently she contemplates the factories, the chateau and the colony where the men who work for the House of Wendel live. Her two hands outstretched, she embraces them all in a single blessing.

The city of Hayange lives and works under the protection of the Virgin. The blazing stained-glass window in the church choir perpetuates for all eternity the piety of the praying and psalm-singing Wendels. When, on the conclusion of fifty years of honorable service, Mr. Albert Bosmant, the director of the Joeuf factory, was fêted by the Wendel company, that faithful servant did not forget to render due homage to the Church. 'I don't want to forget,' he said in his address, 'the representatives of the clergy, with whom I have been on the best of terms throughout my long career. I have always had the greatest respect for them, for they teach us a great moral lesson, one which we ought to remember and uphold, no matter what we do. This lesson has been the mainstay of the House of Wendel from the very first days of its existence—a factor which has had a lot to do with its present stability.'

At Joeuf, at Moyeuvre, at Hayange, the Lord reigns on the right hand of the Messrs. de Wendel. He has his quarters like the members of the factory staff. He is provided with well-paid officiating ministers. The kingdom of the Wendels is the kingdom of the Lord.

But not even the Lord God himself is allowed to join a union!

One day a priest from the Orne valley presented himself at the Hayange mansion at the head of a Young Christian workers' delegation. The priest and the young Catholic workers were going to ask Mr. Humbert de Wendel's permission to organize a Christian workers' union. The priest referred to the moral lesson so highly

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praised by director Bosmant, and, to convince the pious lords of the steel-works still further, quoted a bit from the Encyclical.

The response was short and brutal. *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo* notwithstanding, the House of Wendel, which builds churches and pays salaries to various priests and vicars, would not permit a union—not even a Christian union. Besides, the Lord does not know the first thing about social and economic questions! Let him look after the immortal souls which the House of Wendel supplies Him with by the million. On Sunday mornings at Moyeuvre and Joeuf, the company spies point the way to the church, which is always full. The House pays, and provides living quarters for, the French, Italian and Polish priests, not to mention the nuns and various religious societies. Right across the way from the Government schools it builds its Catholic schools, which the Concordat allows to be supported by the State in Moselle.

IV

Thus from his childhood on the son of a worker or a paid employee who was born on the land of the Lords of Hayange is caught in toils of moral and physical subjugation to the factory. He gets his milk from a feeding bottle dispensed by the bosses at the public nursery. His swaddling-clothes come from the layette given the loyal subjects on request. His whooping cough and scarlet fever are treated by a factory doctor. He owes his games and his holidays to the children's groups which are organized in the factory. He learns his French history and his morals in factory schools—for it takes courage to send a child to those provided by the Government. Later on he will engage in sports on the factory grounds, because there is no other place available, and in the factory clubs, because there are no independent clubs. Before he is hired by the factory, he must pledge absolute loyalty to the House. In order to stay on he must be docile, avoid Left meetings, attend the meetings of the Right, and if necessary even join a section of the Croix de Feu or the Fascist Leagues. At the least show of independence, the worker is forced into the hardest and worst paid jobs. If the offense is repeated, he is discharged and blacklisted by all the factories of that region. Organized espionage penetrates even into private houses: one distrusts one's neighbor, one does not dare to speak out even in one's own house. At Joeuf they made the school children vote on the eve of the elections in order to find out the political convictions of their parents!!!

The Wendels have eyes that see all, ears that hear all. If Branly, Marconi or Lee de Forest were to invent a machine for detecting men's thoughts, the Wendels would immediately obtain the rights to it. But the machine has not yet been invented: that is why Deputy Beron got a majority vote in Hayange.

It is not only the wage workers in the factory who feel the Wendels' hand heavy upon them. Their control extends to a part of local trade, to the local administration, and to the neighboring mayoralities. At Joeuf, the police, the tax collectors, the police commissioner live in houses belonging to the factory. At Hayange the police department, the tax collector, the Registry officials are also housed at the

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expense of the factory. The officials, the teachers, the salesmen are given the use of a complimentary card to the Bursar's Office—provided they are not suspected of harboring radical views. Thus insidiously does the factory extend its domination even to those who should be in a position to escape it completely.

When the Mayor of Hayange is not directly connected with the factory in the capacity of employee or a salesman, the Comité des Forges or the Comptoir Sidérurgique see to it that he has a considerable commercial backing. In 1929 the Mayors of villages nearby fell victims to a curious mishap. The then Mayor of Knutange, upon being accused by Beron of having accepted 18,000 francs from the House of Wendel, cried: 'I had the right to take it! *The others* have been getting the same sum for two years!' I don't know how 'the others' justified themselves after this outburst. I do know, however, that Mr. Mercier did not long keep his office as Mayor of Knutange.

Masters of the men around them, masters of the local administration, are the Wendels living in quiet contentment? No, for they still do not own the minds of their people, and every four years, in the privacy of a voting booth, those people assert themselves in an anonymous revolt. One of the turners in the plating plant, a clear-eyed, vigorous man with a strong will of his own, became prominent among his fellow workers. The Wendels fired him from the factory, and thus initiated him into the workers' secret fraternity. Beron could not find a hall in which to address the voters; nobody dared to greet him on the street; but Beron was elected! A Communist deputy yesterday and a deputy for the Popular Front today, Beron is known in this region above all as the man who has dared to oppose the Wendels.

Schneider managed to defeat Paul Faure; the Wendels cannot rid themselves of Beron. And so, to protect himself against the dangers inherent in universal suffrage, de Wendel marshals around him his Fascist forces.

V

At Joeuf, at Moyeuvre, at Hayange, the Francistes and the Croix de Feu are playing the bosses' game. It was Emmanuel Mitry, François Wendel's son-in-law, who first founded the Croix de Feu movement that has sprung up in the Hayange city government. Mr. de Mitry keeps the factory books. They are in good hands, for this Lord of the Bottange manor, who counts the flowers in his parks because he is afraid that his gardeners might steal some, has gained the reputation of a skinflint. But he spares no expense when it comes to subsidizing these militant organizations, which may one day precipitate a civil war. Padovani, the director of the factory railroad line, who is also the son-in-law of Humbert de Wendel's secretary, is Hayange's *Führer*. In certain jobs constant pressure has been put on the workers and employees to get them to join the Croix de Feu. If anybody pleads inability to pay the dues because of the high cost of living, they offer to pay them for him. Padovani's group is one of the most active in France. In his addresses this director of the factory railway service makes vehement attacks on the misdeeds of 'super-capitalism.'

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After having shown some promise, Bucard's Francistes now seem to have been left to their own devices, and are disbanding. At Joeuf some leaders still continue to recruit members into the ranks of the Solidarité Française. The Italian workers, of whom there are many in the mines, have been corralled into various Fascist organizations. At Joeuf, where de Wendel houses an Italian priest and supports an Italian school, sisters of the charitable orders at one time took to seeking out the orphans of those killed in the Ethiopian war. Hayange has seen processions of black shirts in its streets. The miners of the Wendel firm have been forced to pledge their allegiance to the native land of Fascism, and those who could not be induced by bribery were prevailed upon through fear of losing their jobs. Hayange also has its Italian priest and teachers, all Fascist agents. On June 2nd a great military Fascist demonstration took place in the hall of the Italian mission. Mayor Mohnen and the director of the Daussy factories took part in a festival given for the benefit of the Italian Red Cross; the next day one of the Duce's agents solemnly read Mussolini's address of May 9th, in which he proclaimed the birth of the Fascist Empire.

VI

When I visited Joeuf last month, I stopped to ask directions of a housewife. We were both going the same way; she came along with me. We walked through a colony of houses which were all alike, each one with a tiny garden around it. With a wide gesture the woman indicated the church, the school, the recreation hall and all the symmetrical streets.

'All this is theirs,' she said simply. Then she added, 'It's just like in old times, in the times of the feudal lords . . .'

France had just gone to the polls. A few days earlier the workers of Joeuf had dared to carry Phillippe Serre to victory. A change was already apparent; this woman was not afraid to voice to a total stranger her recognition of the oppressive feudal atmosphere which reigns in the Wendel domains.

The victory of the Popular Front has dealt the first blow against the domination of the Lords of Hayange and Joeuf. This particular defeat is one of the telling effects of the great tidal wave which has raised the proletariat of the whole country to the top. The Wendels, who had no use for unions, were forced to recognize the workers' right to organize; they are now carrying on negotiations with the Confédération Générale du Travail (General Federation of Labor) and assenting to collective bargaining. Certainly, at the first opportunity they have they will do all in their power to restore the former state of things. They still have their weapons for psychological domination of that whole region. For the moment, they bow before the inevitable; and a kind of revolution is now in process at Moselle and Meurthe-et-Moselle. As Jouhaux recently said, 'This region, which up to now has been completely enslaved, has suddenly regained its freedom.' The Wendels must not be allowed to take that freedom away again.

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The first of these articles describes developments in Eastern Siberia; in the second we listen in while a Japanese reveals his nation's plans for expansion in the South Seas; from the third we learn a Shanghai gang's history.

Three *from the* East

I. Bureyastroy and Biro-Bidjan

By A Harbin Correspondent

From the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

FEW persons seem to have any idea of Bureyastroy; yet the successful completion of this Soviet project is bound to have a tremendous effect on the political situation of the Far East, immensely contributing to the security of the Soviet Far East, at present menaced by Japanese aggression. Bureyastroy is the name given to a series of ambitious plans of the Soviet Government to develop and industrialize a vast region lying between the upper reaches of the Bureya River, flowing into the Amur some distance below Taheiho, and the middle course of the Amur itself at a place where it turns northward before it empties into the Gulf of Tartary.

There are probably only a few regions so desolate and dreary as the upper reaches of the Bureya River. It is a sea of rugged mountains and tangled woods, with no population worth speaking of; yet it turns out to be a veritable storehouse of various natural resources, so that the Soviet Government appears to be ready to develop it ahead of all regions in the Far East. In this respect, the importance attached to Bureyastroy comes only second to that of Dnieprostroy and Kuznetskstroy, the two giant projects now fully occupying the attention of the Kremlin and the Soviet public.

It seems to be correct to state that, judging by present indications, as soon as the Dnieprostroy and Kuznetskstroy projects are completed, the Soviet Government will throw the full weight

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of its energy and resources to the development of Bureyastroy, converting that desolate wilderness into a bustling industrial center. In that case the attainment of the Soviet ideal—to convert the Soviet Far East into a self-contained region—will have been accomplished, relieving the anxiety now hanging heavily on the minds of Soviet leaders lest the Soviet Far East be cut off from the rest of Siberia.

It is said that, unlike Magnitogorsk and Kuznetsk, the two great industrial centers in Western Siberia, Bureyastroy is admirably suited for the establishment of heavy industry. As is known, Magnitogorsk, while having abundant deposits of iron of the highest possible quality, has no coal; hence its iron ore has to be hauled the whole distance from the Urals to Kuznetskstroy, in the Yenisei region, where it is smelted and converted into a variety of finished products. In the case of Bureyastroy it is said that iron and coal deposits so intermingle that they can be utilized on the spot by iron and steel works to be built there soon.

A. I. Kozlov, writing on coal resources of the Bureya region in the *Memoirs* of the Far Eastern Department of the Academy of Sciences of the U. S. S. R. (Vladivostok, 1932), stated that the coal-bearing strata extend for about 6,000 square kilometers on both sides of the Bureya, the southern limit of them lying about 250–300 kilometers from the Amur. The richness of coal veins may be judged from the fact that only between the Umalta River and Chekunda, a small trading post on the Bureya, there were discovered as many as twenty-five open places from 0.3 meters to 4 meters in thickness.

On the left side of the Bureya twenty-five veins of similar thickness were found. Here, 60 kilometers from the mouth of the Urgala River, the coal-bearing area extends for four square kilometers, with the thickness varying from 0.8 to 3 meters. The coal of this region is stated to be of the best quality, coking at the lowest possible temperature. Another important coal-field, with a little poorer quality of coal, was discovered 12 kilometers above the mouth of the Niman, also on the left side of the Bureya. Its thickness is computed from 0.55 to 6 meters.

A rough estimate of coal and iron deposits of the whole area of Bureyastroy puts them at 150 billion tons and 2 billion tons respectively, all deposits practically intermingling with each other and at places easily accessible from the railroad or the Bureya, which is navigable up to Chekunda.

There is no authentic report as to what has been done in the way of materializing the Bureyastroy plan beyond the fact that the region is being traversed by the Baikalo-Amur Railroad (B.A.M.) now under construction. It appears that the railway touches the headwaters of the Bureya River, a little over the estuary of the Niman, thence heading straight toward Komsomolsk, a great industrial and military center on the Amur, some 100 kilometers below Khabarovsk. The B.A.M. Railway will have a branch line, 430 kilometers long, connecting it with the present Amur Railway at Birakan station, a center of the Jewish colonization of Biro-Bidjan. The line will branch off from Ust-Niman, the future coal-mining and iron-making center of the region, and traverse a wild country, which at

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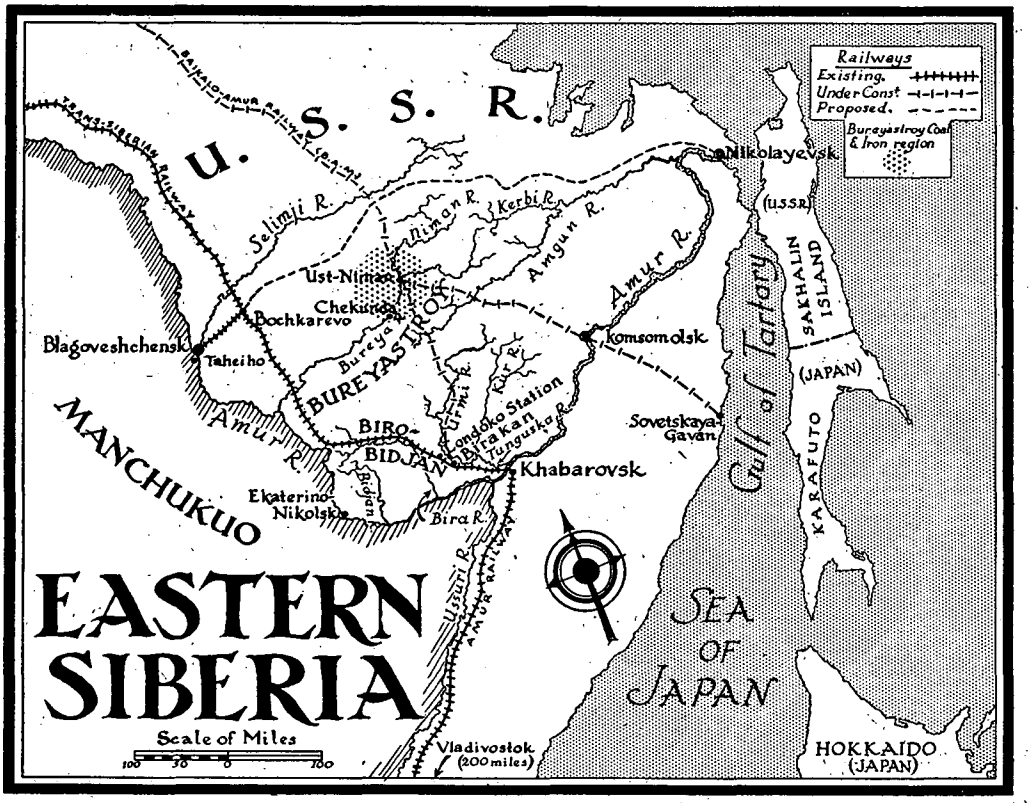
present has practically no population. It is stated that the survey of the proposed route of this branch line has been completed and that its construction has already been started, involving the expenditure of 200 million rubles. One report has it that the construction of the line is being done by convict labor, the Soviets having allegedly put 13,000 laborers previously working on the double-tracking of the Amur Railroad to that task.

Included in the scheme of developing the Bureya region is the proposed construction of another branch line of the B.A.M. Railway, or rather of an entirely independent railway, which would connect Bochkarevo, a station to the east of Blagoveshchensk and a principal air-base of the Red Army in the region, with Nikolayevsk-on-the-Amur, traversing Bureyastroy in its northern section. The line will touch important gold-fields along the Selimji, Kerbi and Amgun Rivers and will have tremendous influence for the opening up of that backwood country, especially the Lower Amur region, at present hampered by the absence of rapid means of transportation. A survey of the route was started as long as four years ago, but it is not known whether the actual construction has been started or not.

II

In direct connection with Bureyastroy, but forming a different phase of Soviet activities in the Amur basin,



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stands the colonization of Biro-Bidjan, a region specially assigned to the settlement of Jewish farmers. This region lies on the Russian side of the Amur, between the mouths of the Bureya and the Tunguska Rivers, the last one flowing into the Amur opposite Khabarovsk. The boundaries of this territory appear to be ill-defined, especially in the north, where it is contiguous to Bureyastroy. According to Professor Charles Kung-tze, who knows Biro-Bidjan thoroughly, having been connected with it since 1928, the region is roughly equal to Switzerland, occupying an area of about 4 million hectares, or is considerably bigger than Belgium. He says that in respect to climatic conditions the region is admirably suited for industrial farming, with enough moisture and warmth in the summer to ensure the abundant growth of all grains. In climate Biro-Bidjan does not differ from North Manchuria, from which it is divided only by the Amur.

According to all current reports, Biro-Bidjan is forging ahead as a farming region where all field-work is done by machines, eliminating as far as possible human or animal labor. With that end in view, the Government has constructed a number of tractor stations and agricultural machinery depots, supplying the collective and state farms with all necessary implements. In 1933, all these farms cultivated 30,000 'ga' of land, raising mostly wheat, oats, and soya beans. Considerable attention is being devoted to the draining of swamps, for which the Exchequer has spent over 2,000,000 rubles.

As a farming region, Biro-Bidjan is playing an important rôle as the supplier of the Far Eastern Red Army with provisions. Outstanding in this respect are the Voroshilov and Budeny collective farms in the Ekaterino-Nikolsk district, both combining hundreds of farming communities. Amongst other things, the Budeny collective farm specializes in rice-cultivation, which is quite a new venture in the Soviet Far East.

Apart from developing Biro-Bidjan as a farming center, the Government is rapidly converting it into an industrial center. In recent years, the following enterprises have been opened and are now throwing their products on the domestic market, viz.: 1. a sawmill at Tunguska, capitalized at 3,000,000 rubles; 2. a lime-works at Londoko station, capitalized at 1,000,000 rubles; 3. a sawmill turning out standard size bungalows, capitalized at 3,600,000 rubles, and 4. a tailoring workshop, capitalized at 500,000 rubles.

The description of Soviet activities in the Middle Amur would be incomplete without saying something of Komsomolsk, a new industrial center that sprang up on the Amur, some 100 kilometers to the north of Khabarovsk. It is a town of some 50,000 inhabitants, mostly operatives of the huge dockyard, airplane works and arsenal, situated in and around Komsomolsk.

On the right bank of the river, opposite Komsomolsk, is a cement factory, completed in 1935. From there, a railway is being built to Sovetskaya Gavan, on the Sea of Japan. Concerning the dockyard it is stated that it occupies an area of one square kilometer and that it is engaged in the construction of submarines and destroyers for the Soviet Navy in the Sea of Japan as well as in the Amur River. Besides, it is stated

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that Komsomolsk is the principal base of the Soviet Amur River flotilla, at present consisting of some thirty craft.

Some doubt exists, however, regarding the advisability of developing the country immediately adjacent to the frontier, especially Biro-Bidjan, which is divided from Manchuria only by the Amur, and as such seems to be open to attacks in case of war involving the Soviet Union. Judging by a section of opinion prevailing in certain circles of Harbin, which appear to have an ax to grind against the Jews generally, it seems to be certain that, if Biro-Bidjan is taken away from the Soviet Red Army, we shall hear of some grand pogrom far exceeding all others ever recorded by history.

II. Japan Looks South

By Professor Tadao Yanaihara

Translated from the *Kaizo*, Tokyo Topical Monthly

RELATIONS between Japan and the South Seas are so inseparable both geographically and historically that as long as our population and industrial power continue to grow, our influence in that part of the world will continue to increase as a matter of course. The nation's geographical position is highly advantageous to her advance in all directions: to Karafuto and the Kurile Islands in the north; to the South Seas through Formosa and the Luchu Islands; to Manchukuo through Korea in the west, and to the Islands of Oceania and New Guinea through the Bonins. Geographically, the prospects for national expansion are bright.

This country was far behind the nations of Europe in achieving national unification and capitalistic development, and as a result it succeeded in taking possession only of the Kurile Islands and Hokkaido to the north and the Bonin and Luchu Islands to the south during the final years of the Tokugawa Shogunate and the early part of the Meiji era. Fortunately the Sino-Japanese War brought a turning point in our overseas development, for by the Shimonoseki Treaty of 1895, which ended the conflict, China's influence was effectively excluded from Korea, and the Liaotung Peninsula and Formosa were ceded to Japan.

Even at that time we recognized the necessity of attaining further development on the continent and in the South Seas, with the Liaotung Peninsula and Formosa as bases, as is made clear by the announcement of establishment of the Bank of Formosa, which says: 'The objectives of the Bank of Formosa are to develop the natural resources in Formosa for the purpose of economic improvement, to extend its business into South China and the South Seas, and to give financial aid to trade enterprises with those countries.'

After the Russo-Japanese War, Japan recovered the Liaotung Peninsula, which she had been forced to return to China because of the tripartite interference of France, Germany and Russia, and at the same time she acquired South Sakhalin and the South Manchuria Railway Zone, while Korea

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became a protectorate that was to be annexed in 1907 (*sic*). Unfortunately, however, the Russo-Japanese War brought no opportunity to advance into the South Seas.

The Great War marked the beginning of Japan's expansion southward, with the Mandated Islands as its base. Our trade with and investment in that territory made remarkable advancement, and in 1915 the South Seas Society was organized through the coöperative efforts of officials and civilians. This trade has registered particularly heavy gains since 1932.

It must be kept in mind, however, that our development in Oceania has been due not so much to military operations of the Imperial Navy as to economic causes, such as improvement in the technique and productive capacity of our industries and the low exchange value of the yen. This is in contrast to the case of Manchukuo, where economic progress may be viewed as an outcome of military operations by the Imperial Army.

Manchukuo's value as a source of raw materials and a market for our commodities is not as great as was expected: no matter how much money is invested, poor resources cannot be profitably exploited, and it cannot be safely asserted that Manchukuo's resources are bountiful. It is not only inadvisable but virtually impossible for us to import all our necessary resources from the new State. Moreover, because the Navy has no direct connection with the work of development there, some apprehension exists that the continental situation will add only to the Army's prestige and at the expense of the Navy's, and it is not surprising that the Navy is insisting upon southward expansion as one of the national policies.

These economic and military causes have combined to create a strong demand for harmonization of our continental and oceanic policies and insistence that careful consideration be given to over-emphasis of the continental policy. The Imperial Navy, naturally enough, is strongly advocating an overseas program, and it is believed to expect a great deal in this direction from the regular conferences that are being held by the War Minister, the Foreign Minister, and the Navy Minister.

II

The Navy intends to have control of a section of the western Pacific stretching from the Sea of Okhotsk to the South Seas for the purposes of strengthening the national defense and promoting the tendency toward overseas expansion. To this end it is also necessary that neighborly relations be established with those countries surrounding the Pacific, that complicated trade relations be adjusted, that administrative organs of Formosa and the South Sea Islands be improved, and that measures be applied to encourage trade with those countries, the shipping and fishing industries, and overseas emigration. By these policies alone can we exalt the national prestige of 'expanding Japan.' The bills for establishment of the Formosa Development Company and the South Development Company as well as the Marine Service Control Bill, all of which have been submitted to the recent extraordinary Diet session, probably are intended to assist the southward expansion.

The two projected companies, to be

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established in accordance with special laws, will be of a semi-official nature, similar to the Oriental Development Company in Korea. The Formosa Development concern will be capitalized at 30,000,000 yen, half of which will be furnished by private investors. In lieu of the other half, the Government-General of Formosa will provide cultivated land and arable property investment with an appraised value of 15,000,000 yen. Sufficient preference will be extended to the company to guarantee an annual dividend of 6 per cent to the civilian shareholders, while the Government's stock will either pay no dividends or lower rates. The company's chief source of revenue may be rents from Government lands, estimated at 1,000,000 yen a year. As a whole, the object of establishing the concern seems to be to invite investment by civilians and protect it with the resources of the Government-General.

The South Development Company will be capitalized at 200,000,000 yen, toward which the South Seas Office will furnish the Angaur phosphate rock mine as an investment in property with an appraised value of 10,000,000 yen. Half of the shares will be held by private investors, and the same preferences will be extended as in the case of the Formosa Development Company. Since the profit of the Angaur phosphate mine is estimated at 500,000 yen to 600,000 yen annually, it seems clear that the South Seas Office is inviting private investment at the expense of its official interests. The main purpose of this company is the economic development of the South Sea Islands, but it is reported that the concern will also protect and develop deep-sea fisheries in that region and take over the rights in Dutch New Guinea now held by the South Seas Industrial Development Company.

It is also reported that the South Seas Industrial Company will offer to the new concern not only its phosphate rock mine on Parao Island and its affiliated company, the South Seas Fisheries Company, but also other enterprises which are not developing as well as was expected. As a 6 per cent dividend will be guaranteed on its investments in property, the establishment of the new firm may prove highly convenient for South Seas Industrial Development. The two new concerns are intended chiefly to accomplish economic development within our own territory, that is in Formosa and the South Sea Mandated Islands, and any similar enterprise outside of the Empire is left to the future. Although there is some doubt whether they will actually succeed in exploiting new resources or cultivating new markets in Formosa and the southern islands, where development work has already made considerable progress, nevertheless the projected organization of the two companies is important in view of the current political situation, which reflects the emphasis placed on the southward movement in reaction to the over-stressing of the continental policy.

III

One fact must always be remembered in connection with our southern expansion; it is economic in its nature, and our naval power has no direct influence upon it. The whole history of our South Seas policy demonstrates that it is our intention to expand only by peaceful means and not by military

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weight. The Navy Office, in advocating the movement, intends only to protect the peaceful activities of Japanese nationals; it is unthinkable that there is any intention of carrying out the South Seas policy by military operations. A purely economic expansion such as this, however, is entirely justifiable from the standpoints of world peace and the current financial situation of this country.

It is unfortunate that the Government of the Dutch East Indies and the Commonwealth Government of Australia, inspired by groundless fears of Japan's oceanic policy, have closed their doors to Japanese capital, commodities and immigrants. They do not intend to develop their natural resources themselves, nor will they permit Japan to do so, and thus the exploitation of the great southern regions, which would play an important part in world economy, is left neglected. The main reason for this is doubtless that Australia and the Dutch East Indies are forever seeing territorial designs in our southward policy.

Therefore, in order to carry out successfully her justified expansion to the south, Japan should declare to the world that she has no territorial designs, refrain from all speech and action likely to incite the feelings of other nations, place a high value on world peace and international justice in order to regain the world-wide honor formerly extended because of her love of peace, and try by every possible means to eradicate Japanophobia from the minds of her neighbors in the south.

The writer takes this occasion to express the strong hope that, on the other hand, those neighbor States in the South Seas will abandon their chauvinist policies, remove discriminatory restrictions against Japanese goods, investments and immigrants, and coöperate with us in the work of developing the South Sea territories. Military invasion of 'less fortunate nations' is not the only detriment to peace: there is also the monopolization of natural resources by 'those that have among the Powers.' The nations in both categories should coöperate one with the other for the sake of both world peace and world economy. This collaboration is the very foundation of a positive South Seas policy.

III. The Sky-Blue Circle

By Kunikos

From the *North-China Herald*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

More than two hundred years ago certain Miao tribes in Kwangtung rose in rebellion against the Chinese Emperor then on the throne. General after general was sent south from Peiping to suppress the rebels, but all failed. The Emperor then decided to give a large reward to anyone who could succeed where the generals had been defeated; and there came a Buddhist monk, Lo Tsu by name, who routed the rebels and restored the imperial authority by means of Buddhist incantations. Not a shot was fired. It appeared that all that was necessary for a large part of the empire to be

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restored to its former allegiance was Lo Tsu with his incantations. Lo Tsu returned to the capital of the empire to claim his reward and a grateful Emperor conferred upon him a distinguished Buddhist name, stopping short of handing over any of the imperial reserves of bullion. This nominal promotion seems, however, to have satisfied Lo Tsu, who returned to the regions of his incantatory victory, and practiced the Buddhist rites with such assiduity that he attracted to himself three disciples who were destined to make his name—and incidentally their own—notorious in Chinese history for the part their followers play today in the opium and other drug rackets all over the Yangtze Valley.

The names of the three disciples were Wang, Chien, and Pan; but they were not well received by their patron. Upon their request for tuition under his able guidance, Lo Tsu returned to the Yangtze, which he crossed in a small boat of reeds. Going to Hangchow, he crawled into a narrow cave and left his supporters outside. According to the official account of this exploit, the mouth of the cave was so narrow that only a person who could take upon himself the appearance and agility of a serpent could enter it. And thus Messrs. Wang, Chien, and Pan were left to regard the pit-like opening in something akin to consternation, deprived by the eccentricities of their chosen teacher of the privilege of sitting at his feet.

They were not downhearted by the disappearance of their leader, however, calculating very nicely that he must come out of the hole sooner or later. So they camped opposite the opening of the cave and possessed their souls in patience. They had not been there more than a few days before a beautiful young boy came out of the hole and gave them a message. He said: 'Did you come to ask for lessons from the reverend priest? I come to you from him to promise to give you lessons only if you can wait for him to come out with your waists in red snow and booted to the knees in reeds.'

To the average person these conditions would have been quite enough. Red snow! Knee-boots of reeds! But the three disciples were not average persons, and they decided to wait outside the hole until their chosen mentor turned up.

It happened that the winter season that year was particularly severe, and the three of them found themselves before long kneeling in a condition of semi-coma in deep snow which completely obscured the hole down which their reverend professor had disappeared. One of the three became sufficiently galvanized by the weather conditions to go forth and gather some rice stalks to protect himself and his companions from the blizzard. These rice stalks the three then laid over their heads as a kind of thatch covering.

This proved very agreeable for the three, but they had omitted to take into their calculations that the birds would be unable to find anything to eat while snow covered the ground. These birds discovered that the rice stalks had some seeds of rice still attached to them, and they therefore perched on the heads of the three disciples and pecked at the seeds. The heads of the three disciples suffered through the pecking, and their blood

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flowed down and encarmined the snow round their knees. Red snow! Coming out of their trance, the three noted the red snow and rose up to rejoice. They then saw that reeds had grown up around them and that they were knee-deep in them. Knee-boots of reeds! In the middle of the rejoicing over the fulfilment of Lo Tsu's conditions, Lo Tsu himself appeared and said: 'Come to me, you three; you are now my disciples.'

II

After three months' special coaching in Buddhist incantations, the three monks were despatched by their teacher into the Grand Canal region to suppress the activities of river gangs who were robbing the boats that carried the rice of the peasants to Peiping for tribute. This was a very important task, for along the winding length of the Grand Canal—then the principal thoroughfare linking the north with the Yangtze Valley—there were bandits and gangsters who levied much resented tolls on the grain and bullion being sent to satisfy the demands of a foreign dynasty, the Manchus.

To check this robbery the three monks founded a society called the Kiang Yin Su Pang and provided it with 1,999½ boats,—the half boat is correct,—which they manned with 1,326 men. The Kiang Yin Su Pang was divided into three groups—the group headed by Wang, which was considered the senior group; that headed by Chien, which was called the No. 2 Group; and that headed by Pan, which was called the No. 3 Group. Out of these three groups arose the Sky-Blue Circle, or Ching Pang, which is so powerful in Shanghai and the Yangtze Valley today.

Following an old Chinese custom, the senior members of the society were permitted to adopt certain distinguished surnames, and these names afterwards became the names of different 'degrees' within the society. The leading surname was Yuan. The others were Ming, Hsing, Li, Ta, Tung, Wu, Chao, Pu, Men, Kai, Fang, Wang, Hsiang, Yi, Hsing, Li, Ta, Tung, Wu, Chao, Pu, Fa, Hsuan, and Miao. The combination of these twenty-four characters can be translated to read: 'A complete and clear mind realizes that an open door for everyone is the only thing the universe depends upon. This is the essence of the Buddhist doctrine embodied by Lo Tsu.' The surname of Yuan was adopted by the Wang group, which thereby became the senior group of the society.

There seems to be very little doubt that the three groups within the society did not get along well together during the first years of the society's existence, and there seem to have been bitterly waged feuds among them, which resulted eventually in the virtual elimination of the Wang and Chien factions and the supremacy of the Pan group. Most of the members of the society today owe their allegiance to this latter group, while the other two are practically extinct.

It is probably a polite fiction on the part of the society to say that they were ever supported by the Manchu dynasty. It is true that the original character for their name, *Ching*, was the same as that used by the Ching dynasty; but with the growth of the revolutionary movement, the character degenerated into the present one, which means sky-blue or green.

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Also it is a fiction that the society ever engaged in suppressing smuggling. There seems to be very little doubt that the first members were from among the revenue guards that accompanied the tribute boats up the Grand Canal and that they carried all sorts of contraband on these privileged ships and did a nefarious trade in spite of Government regulations. In fact, they were men paid to prevent smuggling who did a very profitable smuggling business of their own.

With the shift of important cargo movements from the Grand Canal to the Yangtze and sea routes, the operations of the Sky-Blue Circle underwent a change, and from being a smuggling fraternity in north Kiangsu, they became an important factor in Shanghai's trade, legitimate and illegitimate. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that nearly every form of legitimate trade in Shanghai today pays a contribution of some sort or other to the Sky-Blue Circle, whether they know it or not.

Like most Chinese secret societies the principles underlying the Sky-Blue Circle are admirable. It is the abuses that come with almost unlimited power that have brought the society and its leaders into disrepute. In the main, the principles are those of a mutual aid society, protecting members against sudden poverty, looking after the relicts of members, seeing them through sicknesses, and generally guarding against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. The secrecy of the organization and the complete oaths of obedience that are required from members make abuses a simple matter. And it is these abuses, though they have brought wealth and power to the leaders, that have made the name of the society to stink in the nostrils of all decent persons.

The respectable members of the society can be divided into two sections: those who pay fees for what is tantamount to protection, and those who subscribe for the insurance and other benefits to be derived for their families. As to the others—the least said, soonest mended. Their income is made from a variety of sources. Chief is, of course, opium and opium derivatives, in which category falls heroin, which is now agitating the League of Nations and the Shanghai authorities.

Almost equally important, however, is the protection afforded to smugglers. It is said that in Shanghai anything can be smuggled provided the smuggler has received the sanction of the powers-that-be in the Sky-Blue Circle. Once the smuggler has paid his fee to the leaders of this gang, his cargo is safe. Occasionally the Customs manage to seize the cargo, in which case the smuggler has to be the loser. But should the cargo fall into other hands, it is quickly recovered. Stolen cargo, provided the requisite fee is paid to the gang heads, can be back in its owner's hands within two hours of the theft. If no fee is paid, the owner can sing for his lost goods. He might just as well sing as do anything else, as he will not get his property back without payment.

III

Other sources of profit to the society are protection to houses of ill fame; the purchase of peasant girls and their importation into Shanghai for purposes of prostitution; the import and purveyance of arms to robbers and kidnappers; the financing of kidnap-

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pings; the control of labor disputes brought about by the control of the labor unions; *ho wei* lotteries and other gambling rackets; to mention only a few. The ramifications of the society are so widespread and wander into so many Government and police departments that it is seldom that the authorities can successfully take action against them. In most instances the members of the society are warned well in advance, and when the raid is made, nothing incriminating is to be found.

So powerful has the society become that it is not always necessary for its members to be actively engaged in smuggling and other illicit activities themselves; they can sit back and take fees from the men who run the risks of these illegal operations in the pretense of protecting them from prosecution. And it often happens that officials of the society pay calls upon the leaders of lesser gangs and extract from them what is known as *tseng-yi* or farewell money, a type of blackmail which is always paid since refusal to pay will bring into play the full force of the Sky-Blue Circle's gunmen.

The gangs of New York have had their historians. The gangs of Chicago are still front page news whenever anything happens in that city of meat packers. But it still remains for somebody to write the story of the gangs of Shanghai. What Chicago is just discovering in the way of racketeering and 'hi-jacking' the gangsters of Shanghai absorbed with their mother's milk. A title suggested for the great work that remains to be written about this city might be *The City That Taught Chicago Racketeering.*

Welcome to Ramsgate

'I am one of those people who think the trippers have as much right to the sea as anyone else,' said the Mayor. 'I do not forget that these men from the East End of London and other places were ready when the call came in 1914 and were amongst the first who were prepared to give their lives for their country. If that call comes again, they will again respond. We want them to be in good health, so that when the time comes again they are ready to answer the call. For that reason I welcome them.'

—The Mayor of Ramsgate, as reported in the *Advertiser and Echo*, London

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Irritated by the eulogies published at his death, two Englishmen, a critic and a scholar, take Housman to pieces.

Second Thoughts *on* Housman

I. A Note on the Poetry of A. E. Housman

By Cyril Connolly

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE obituaries of Professor Housman have given us the picture of a fascinating personality, and have made real to an unscholarly public the labors of an unrivaled scholar. But in this respect they seem to me misleading: that they all defer to him as a fine lyric poet, the equal of Gray, according to one, acclaimed as the greatest living poet by Sir Walter Raleigh, according to another. Now there are so few people who care about poetry in England, and fewer still who are critical of it, that one is tempted at first to make no comment. If people think that, let them say so, one feels, and one even derives a certain satisfaction from their opinion. But in case there are still a few wavverers, and in case one can be of some small comfort to those whose ideas about poetry are the opposite of Professor Housman's, and whose success also varies inversely to that of the Shropshire Bard, I have made a few notes on his lyrics that may be of use to them.

The unanimous verdict of the Housman admirers is that he is essentially a classical poet. Master of the Latin language, he has introduced into English poetry the economy, the precision, the severity of that terse and lucid tongue. His verses are highly finished, deeply pagan; they stand outside the ordinary current of modern poetry, the inheritors not of the romantic age, but of the poignancy and stateliness, the epigraphic quality of the poems of Catullus, Horace, and Virgil, or the flowers of the Greek Anthology. This impression is heightened by the smallness of Professor Housman's output and the years devoted to finishing and polishing, and, not least, by the stern and cryptic hints in the prefaces, with their allusions to profound emotions rigidly controlled, to a creative impulse ruthlessly disciplined and checked.

This theory seems to have hoodwinked all his admirers; their awe of Housman as a scholar has blinded them to his imperfections as a poet,

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just as the pessimism and Platonism of Dean Inge have sanctified his opinion on topics which, in other hands, might suggest silly season journalism. The truth is that many of Housman's poems are of a triteness of technique equaled only by the banality of the thought, others are slovenly, and a quantity are derivative; not from the classics, but from Heine, or from the popular trends—imperialism, place-nostalgia, games, beer—of the poetry of his time. *The Shropshire Lad* includes some poems that are unworthy of Kipling with others that are unworthy of Belloc, without the excuse of over-production and economic necessity which those writers could have urged. Horace produced, in the *Odes* and *Carmen Saeculare*, a hundred-and-four poems; Housman, not I think without intention, confined himself to the same number. Yet a moment's silent comparison should settle his position once and for all. To quote single lines, to measure a poet by his mistakes is sometimes unfair; in the case of a writer with such a minute output it seems justified. Here are a few from *The Shropshire Lad*, a book in which, incidentally, the word 'lad' (one of the most vapid in the language) occurs sixty-seven times in sixty-three poems.

Each quotation is from a separate poem.

(*a*) *Because 'tis fifty years tonight*
That God has saved the Queen.

(*b*) *Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;*
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up lad: . . .

(*c*) *I will go where I am wanted, for the sergeant does not mind;*
He may be sick to see me but he treats me very kind.

(*d*) *The goal stands up, the keeper*
Stands up to keep the goal . . .

(*e*) *And since to look at things in bloom*
Fifty springs are little room.

(*f*) *You and I must keep from shame*
In London streets the Shropshire name;

(*g*) *They put arsenic in his meat*
And stared aghast to watch him eat.
They poured strychnine in his cup
And shook to see him drink it up.

These are some of the verses that could not be entrusted to anthologies because, we are told, of the author's fears that they would suffer through incorrect punctuation. (*a*), (*b*) and (*c*) suggest Kipling; (*d*) Newbolt, (*e*) and (*f*) are typical of Georgian poetry, and (*g*) suggests Belloc.

So much for a few of the bad poems. Let us now examine the better ones. There are two themes in Housman: man's mortality, which intensifies for him the beauty of nature, and man's rebellion against his lot. On his treatment of these themes his reputation for classicism subsists. But his presentation of both is hopelessly romantic and sentimental; the sentiment of his poems in fact is that of Omar Khayyám, which perhaps accounts for their popularity; he takes over the pagan concept of death and oblivion as the natural end of life and even as a not inappropriate end of youth, and lards it with a purely Christian self-pity, and a romantic indulgence in the pathetic fallacy.

By the same treatment his hero becomes a picturesque outlaw, raising his pint-pot in defiance of the laws of God and man, running away to enlist, with the tacit approval of his pawky

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Shropshire scoutmaster, and suitably mourned by him when he makes his final escape from society on the gallows. In the last few poems it is his own mortality that he mourns, not that of his patrol, but here again his use of rhythm is peculiarly sentimental and artful, as

for she and I were long acquainted
and I knew all her ways

or

well went the dances
at evening to the flute

or in his metrically morbid experiments in the five-line stanza. It must be remembered, also, that classical poetry is essentially aristocratic; such writers as Gray or Horace address themselves to their own friends and would be incapable of using Maurice, Terence, and the other rustics as anything but the material for a few general images.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

That is classical in spirit.

Too full already is the grave
of fellows that were good and brave
and died because they were.

is not.

There are about half-a-dozen important poems of Housman of which I think only the astronomical one (*Last Poems*, 36) is a success. Two were given us at school to turn into Latin verses:—

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows.

was one, which would suggest only a miasma to a Roman, while one has to put it beside 'There is a land of pure delight' to realize its imperfection in English, and

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.
By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

This, I have been told, is the purest expression in English poetry of the spirit of the Greek anthology, one of the few things that might actually have been written by a Greek. Yet the first line is Pre-Raphaelite; 'golden friends' could not go straight into a classical language, 'lightfoot lad' is arch and insipid. The antithesis in the last two lines is obscure. Once again it is a poem in which not a pagan is talking, but someone looking back at paganism from a Christian standpoint, just as the feelings of an animal are not the same as the feelings of an animal as imagined by a human being.

The other important verses are in *Last Poems*. There is the bombastic epigram on the army of mercenaries, again with its adolescent anti-God gibe, and the poem which in texture seems most Horatian of all:—

The chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers
Stream from the hawthorn on the wind away,
The doors clap to, the pane is blind with showers.
Pass me the can, lad; there's an end of May.

The first verse, indeed, except for that plebeian 'can,' has an authentic Thaliarchus quality; but at once he is off

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again on his denunciations of the Master Potter: 'Whatever brute and blackguard made the world . . .' Even the famous last stanza:—

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

suffers from the two 'pass the cans' that have preceded it, and from the insincerity of pretending that drinking ale is a stoical gesture identical with shouldering the sky instead of with escaping from it. The poem does, however, reveal Housman at his poetical best—as a first-rate rhetorician. The pity is that he should nearly always have sacrificed rhetoric in quest of simplicity. Unfortunately his criterion of poetry was, as he explained, the solar plexus, an organ which is seldom the same in two people, which writes poetry at midnight and burns it at midday, which experiences the sudden chill, the hint of tears, as easily at a bad film as at a good verse. Rhetoric is safer.

The Waste Land appeared at the same time as *Last Poems*, and the Phlebas episode may be compared, as something genuinely classical, with them. The fate which Housman's poems deserve, of course, is to be set to music by English composers and sung by English singers, and it has already overtaken them. He will live as long as the B.B.C. does. Otherwise his effect by temporarily killing the place-name lyric was to render more severe and guarded the poetry of the Pylon school. His own farewell to the Muse reveals him at his weakest, with his peculiar use of 'poetical' words:—

To-morrow, more's the pity,
Away we both must hie,
To air the ditty,
And to earth I.

This is not on a level with Gray: it contains one cliché, and two pedantries ('hie' and 'ditty'), nor does it bear any resemblance to a classical farewell, such as Horace's

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius aequo
Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

II. Housman's Scholarship

By C. M. Bowra

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE death of A. E. Housman has started a lively debate on the merits, or faults, of his poetry. But scholarship was his chief concern, and for it he has received nothing but praise. He deserves better. Praise so perfunctory shows a lack of interest, and Housman was a stranger phenomenon as a scholar than as a poet. By the time of his death he had won a peculiar eminence in the world of learning. In early years he had been the bad boy of scholarship, who made fun of his elders and embarrassed scholars by what were thought deplorable exhibitions of bad taste. But he

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grew old, and age brought, as it will in England, respect. The rowdy of yesterday became the sage. His paradoxes were accepted as dogmas; his casual sayings were circulated with hushed reverence, and he became a figure of legend. Even the Germans knew of him.

Housman concerned himself with only a small department of classical scholarship. In a long life he edited three Latin poets, Manilius, Juvenal, and Lucan, and in editing them he confined his energies to establishing what he thought to be the correct text. Whatever his tastes in reading may have been, in writing he showed himself singularly unsympathetic to many branches of classical learning. For literary criticism he displayed an open contempt. The descent of manuscripts left him cold, and he said that '*Überlieferungsgeschichte* is a longer and nobler name than fudge.' He did not even claim to admire the poets whom he edited, but called Manilius 'a fifth-rate author.'

But though he was narrow, he was extremely strong. In his chosen field he was a master. It is impossible to read anything that he wrote without admiring not only his untiring industry and remarkable organization of knowledge but his piercing intelligence and matchless resource in devising solutions for difficulties. With new discoveries his interpretation was almost final in its acuteness and its mastery of all relevant evidence, so that, when he was confronted with hitherto unknown lines in the Oxford manuscript of Juvenal, he illustrated and explained them with an array of detail which requires neither supplement nor correction. He had a vast knowledge of classical literature, and he knew Latin as few can ever have known it. So, even if his solutions were sometimes wrong, he had always excellent reasons for them.

Housman, however, impressed others less by his actual performance, which could be properly appreciated only by a few experts, than by his personality. On every word that he wrote he left a unique imprint. This was partly a feat of style. His bold, clear, and resonant sentences stay in the memory as do those of no other scholar. But it is much more a triumph of personality. He had an extraordinary confidence in himself and a passionate belief in the importance of his subject. He felt that he was right, and that others were often wrong. Nor was he content to leave them alone. He persecuted them for their errors and hunted their heresies with a deadly fanaticism. If the dead displeased him, he said so, as of an earlier editor of Manilius: 'If a man will comprehend the richness and variety of the universe, and inspire his mind with a due measure of wonder and of awe, he must contemplate the human intellect not only on its heights of genius but in its abysses of ineptitude; and it might be fruitlessly debated to the end of time whether Richard Bentley or Elias Stoeber was the more marvellous work of the Creator: Elias Stoeber, whose reprint of Bentley's text, with a commentary intended to confute it, saw the light in 1767 at Strasbourg, a city still famous for its geese.'

But Housman's real concern was with the living. He saw them as the victims of detestable errors due to intellectual and moral defects. He attacked them with an anger which passed into a poisonous wit. In this mood he wrote: 'I imagine that Mr.

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Bücheler, when he first perused Mr. Sudhaus' edition of the *Aetna*, must have felt something like Sin when she gave birth to Death,' or 'He believes that the text of ancient authors is generally sound, not because he has acquainted himself with the elements of the problem, but because he would feel uncomfortable if he did not believe it; just as he believes, on the same cogent evidence, that he is a fine fellow, and that he will rise again from the dead.' Those who read this in 1903 felt that a wild, angry demon had come into the quiet house of scholarship.

Housman was sure of himself, and he was not joking when he said: 'Posterity should titter a good deal at the solemn coxcombries of the age which I have had to live through.' He was equally sure that most of his fellow scholars were not only fools but knaves. Hard as he was on stupidity, he was even harder on what he believed to be dishonesty, laziness, sycophancy, and conceit. Against these failings, real or imagined, he thundered in Olympian anger.

He had a peculiar gift for making the mistakes of editors look like vile sins. When someone attributed an unmetrical line to Propertius, Housman wrote: 'This is the mood in which Tereus ravished Philomela: concupiscence concentrated on its object and indifferent to all beside.' An editor of Lucilius who complained of rashness in the work of some others became an example of the hypocritical inconsistency of our ethical notions: 'Just as murder is murder no longer if perpetrated by white men on black men or by patriots on kings; just as immorality exists in the relations between the sexes and nowhere else throughout the whole field of human conduct; so a conjecture is audacious when it is based on the letters preserved in a MS., and ceases to be audacious, ceases even to be called a conjecture, when, like these conjectural supplements of Mr. Marx's, it is based on nothing at all.'

The folly of editors made him reflect with bitter irony on the corruption of truth which it entailed: 'In Association football you must not use your hands, and similarly in textual criticisms you must not use your brains. Since we cannot make fools behave like wise men, we will insist that wise men should behave like fools; by this means only can we redress the injustice of nature and anticipate the equality of the grave.' In the small world of scholarship faults of intellect or character took on for Housman a cosmic significance, and he cursed them with the virulence of a Hebrew prophet.

There is wit in these curses, but there is no fun. Housman meant what he said. He stood for an ideal of impeccable scholarship, and anything with which he disagreed was a sin against it. His anger blasted many worthy scholars. In his own sphere he neither tolerated rivals nor admitted compromise. The truth obsessed him, and he was convinced that he was more usually in possession of it than anyone else. He can hardly be said to have furthered the general study of Latin in England. His standards were too high, his tastes too narrow, for others to share them. But he satisfied himself. His work was the expression of his belief: 'The tree of knowledge will remain for ever, as it was in the beginning, a tree to be desired to make one wise.'

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Persons and Personages

Léon Degrelle, Belgium's *Enfant Terrible*

By Arved Arenstam

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

'Rex *vaincra!* Rex will win!' From the moment the traveler crossed the Belgian frontier, this slogan pursued him, and he could escape its magic only by leaving Belgium behind him. For weeks and months preceding election day the entire people were literally tyrannized by this battle cry: one saw it printed in giant letters, was forced to listen to it everywhere; from time to time somebody would shout the two words directly into one's ears. . . . It was possible to be sitting quietly and unsuspectingly in a café on the Place de la Monnaie when suddenly a few young men would enter, look all around the place as if for a seat, and then immediately rush out of the café shouting 'Rex will win!'

Rex did win. Naturally the victory is not complete; but a beginning has been made; the foundation is laid, and the Rex movement has now emerged from a stage which one was all too easily inclined to regard as the game of young men playing at politics. That the movement has become serious overnight, this fact could be gathered from the grave faces of the old leaders of all the parties. The aged Vandervelde, certainly an old fighter, and one who is not easily impressed, stood excited in the hall of the Maison du Peuple the evening of election day, giving orders as to how this movement should be met. 'A union of all anti-Fascist forces must be formed at once,' he said, 'for otherwise it might be too late.'

The same excitement was prevalent among the Liberals, and, above all, in the circles of the Catholic party, which lost sixteen seats to Rex. For it was the Catholics who nurtured at their bosom young Léon Degrelle, who has now become the most talked of man, the man of the hour, in Belgium; and now they see with horror that they harbored a serpent.

Son of a former Catholic deputy, Degrelle is a handsome, elegant young man, who studied in Louvain and made quite a name for himself as a talented roving reporter. A newspaper sent him abroad; his longest trip took him to Mexico, where he arrived in the midst of the revolutionary upheaval, and whence he wrote thrilling dispatches. These dispatches were conspicuous for an unusual sharpness of style, and they were avidly read. President Calles did not please the young Belgian

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reporter, who abused him in his articles in such a vicious, unmerciful and provocative manner that everybody agreed a great pamphleteer was in the making.

When he returned to Brussels, the young man began to get interested in domestic politics, and he wrote political articles on the subject. Everything, of course, within the framework of the Catholic party; it was there that he belonged, and its national and anti-Marxist tendencies agreed entirely with his *Weltanschauung*. The party elders let him have his way; perhaps they found the young man too pungent; but they were of the opinion that youth must have its fling, and furthermore they thought it quite useful to tell the Liberals and the Socialists the truth a little more bluntly than had been the practice in the old Catholic tradition up to that time.

The young men especially were attracted by the poisonous articles of Degrelle. They ran after the young journalist, provided him with material, and offered him their support. Degrelle organized these young people and spoke to them. He has unusual oratorical talent, and the crowds increased so rapidly that the halls were not large enough to hold his admirers. The party leaders became a little worried. Doesn't our young friend make a little too much todo about himself? Arguments arose and became keener and keener.

ONE day Degrelle showed up at party headquarters and demanded that his name, the name of Léon Degrelle, should be the first one on the lists of the Catholic party for the parliamentary elections of May 24th. The party leader almost dropped dead.

'What, the first name on the list? But, dear Léon, you are almost a child! We have followed your zealous activities with interest; we appreciate your idealism—but to run for parliament! It seems a little too soon for that. For that you need experience, a reputation with the people, and that is not so simple. Dear Léon, you will certainly become a deputy some time, but until that day you will have to do a lot of work, make great efforts and, above all, tone down a little. . . .' The elders had hardly finished when Degrelle impatiently thumped the table and demanded an answer point-blank: Was the party willing to nominate him as its first candidate for parliament, yes or no? Frightened to death, the party leaders finally agreed to give Degrelle fourth place, because they saw that nothing could be done with the boy. Thereupon Degrelle slammed the door and disappeared. The break with the Catholics had been made. He founded a new party, or, more accurately, a movement, which he named *Rex*. Originally the name of Christ, *Rex* had been chosen to accentuate the Catholic character of the movement, but then it simply became *Rex* and *Rex* no longer meant Christ, but Degrelle himself.

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Léon Degrelle, who is only twenty-eight years old, then started the fight on his own—and against everybody. His chief indignation was directed against the Catholic Party, which had insulted him because it had refused to take him seriously. He started a campaign of startling dimensions, which certainly outdid the beginnings of the Hitler movement. He spoke a language nobody had so far heard in Belgium. He was abusive, and used the most insulting expressions. The result was a storm of libel suits.

But that did not last long. The young man knew too many party secrets, had seen and heard too much, and testified to everything in court. Then the others began to keep silent and let him rant, for fear that it might become worse, and because everybody, even the whitest sheep, was afraid of this *enfant terrible*.

AN INTELLIGENT, alert person, Léon Degrelle looked around the country. He saw that stronger than all the three great parties put together was the mass of the malcontents, who used to say, when the conversation turned to the elections: 'Hang it all, nothing will come of it anyway. One man is as good as another. Haven't the Liberals, the Catholics and the Socialists been in power already? And what has come of it?' Degrelle began to gather this mass of discontented and resigned people together. The result of the elections shows to what extent he succeeded. Nobody in Belgium took the Rex movement seriously. People laughed a good deal about the young man; many found him quite amusing; others thought that he had never had enough spanking from his papa, and that it was high time for the Government to do something about him. But the Belgian Constitution gives every citizen the right of free speech and political organization; as long as it was desired to remain within the framework of legality, no weapon could be found to use against him.

Youthful enthusiasm supported the Rexists; but what, despite certain funds, was lacking was—money. In this respect the young people's prospects were dark—until something happened to help them. An enormous scandal had arisen about the millionaire politician Sap, and Degrelle grasped at this case for propaganda purposes, as the whole party system was compromised by it. In a few days there was a superabundance of money, because Sap's opponents, partly for revenge and partly for fear, turned to Degrelle.

Now the campaign really was ready to start, and its popularity assumed enormous proportions. The greatest and best known Belgian journalist, Pierre Daye, who is enormously rich by birth, attached himself to the movement, and is at present second only to Degrelle in importance in it. The pamphlet became Degrelle's main weapon. He

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attacked everybody, insulted everybody, abused everybody, sparing only the person of the King. He himself declared that it did not make the slightest difference to him whether his contentions were correct or not; what mattered was merely the purpose. His slogan is that everything is polluted and filthy, that the purification has to be undertaken from the bottom up. The contradictions in Degrelle's speeches and articles are glaring and would have ruined any other politician forever. With him the effect was the opposite—he merely became the more interesting.

He founded a newspaper, which appears in thirty-two pages and costs 75 Belgian centimes (2½ cents). It published a political article about foreign affairs which concluded with the sentence: '"Down with France," that is the cry of the hour!' When this produced a storm of indignation all over Belgium, Degrelle declared nonchalantly the next day that he had not the faintest idea how the article got into the paper, and that he was France's best friend. In the conflict between the Walloons and the Flemish he takes the side of the Flemish today and that of the Walloons tomorrow. One day he said he was against parliamentarianism; the next he was for it, or otherwise he would not let his followers enter parliament. He himself did not accept a seat.

DEGRELLE is able to give very intelligent interviews to the foreign press, but if he wants to, he issues statements that make one doubt his sanity. In a statement given to a French politician he said, for instance: 'My weapons are propaganda and terror. I use terroristic measures, and everybody is afraid of me. Already wives are advising their husbands not to fight me but to keep silent. In two or three years I shall have the power, and then my terror will really start. Heads will roll at once. What can really happen to me? The bishops are going to curse me—let them. I have so much material on certain Cardinals that they will be extremely cautious about taking steps against me. Hitler has offered me money; I have refused because I do not need money. But I am going to make an honest peace with him. You know, there are moments where one has to let the fury of the mob run free. Hurry up with that in France. What you need in France is a man like me. De La Rocque started out quite promisingly, but now he does nothing, just nothing. Follow my example quickly, for if you do not follow my advice, I shall show France, when I have the power!'

In contrast to this fantastic hogwash there are a number of interviews in which Léon Degrelle has explained the progress of his movement in a clear and logical manner, and in which he develops an intrinsically sound program, in opposition to party racketeering and exaggerated parliamentarianism. This contrast makes it difficult to form an objective

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picture of the man. The Rex movement has won twenty-two seats; in the former parliament it did not have a single one.

Degrelle himself is the sportsman type, tanned, healthy, amiable. All who know him maintain that he is charming in every respect. The hearts of young girls are supposed to beat faster when they hear his name; for the young men playing at politics he is already a demigod. In Brussels, all over Belgium, every second word that one hears is *Degrelle, Degrelle* . . . He has become the man of the hour! Now that his followers have entered parliament, he has sworn to sabotage it, because he wants to force new elections.

We shall soon see whether he is a political genius or an adventurer. Whichever he may be, one will have to get accustomed to the name of Léon Degrelle.

Prince Paul of Yugoslavia

By Pierre Lyautey

Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris Conservative Bi-Monthly

A SIMPLE villa. An officer, wearing a saber at his side, leads you to the entrance. You enter a white-walled salon. The setting is the same, be it at Bohim, which nestles between its double row of pines, or at Belgrade by the Danube. The Prince is there, in a simple lounge suit—a sign of Serbian simplicity. He approaches you with a rapid, determined step, and he always has some charming, spontaneous, personal word to say to you.

He has improved much in the past few months. Last fall I found him ailing, and got the impression that he enjoyed it. Now I see him in full health, and I think that he likes active life. He has filled out well. Is it the effect of power? A few years ago he was pale. Today his appearance impresses even the Serbs, who are strapping fellows. The Karageorgevich blood runs swift in his veins. He looks you straight in the face—not from under lowered eyelids, not with one of those distant expressions so often abused by politicians; his fine eyes look at you without seeking to pry into your soul; they inspire confidence in you. Yet sometimes his expression changes from an active to a dreamy one. One moment it is alert and decisive. Then a Slavic reverie seems to invade it, and the Prince, who has been walking to and fro (he generally prefers to be on his feet), stops to muse an instant over the magnificent and austere landscape at the junction of the Danube and the Save.

His face is one of the handsomest in Europe. A lofty forehead, a self-willed chin—the features are as regular as a Greek god's. The whole

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impression is one of virility. His voice has a perfect timbre. His French is that of the Ile de France—nothing Slavic about it.

If you ask him to, he does you the honor of showing you the masterpieces in his collection, and you realize that each picture corresponds to a stage in his development. A Poussin has been chosen for its powerful masses of leafage and shadow. It has a vigor which would interest a Serb, and is almost surprising in a painting of the French School. Beyond it, there is a Breughel. It has taken years of hunting to find these masterpieces. They were not picked up in chance sales. Each one of them represents persistent curiosity.

The political situation is very delicate this morning. But there is no trace of preoccupation in his bearing. Perfect self-control—absolute composure. One could talk with him for two hours about the Renaissance or the symbolists without the slightest suspicion that anything was going wrong in Belgrade.

When Prince Paul wishes to charm you, his attentions strike just the right note. They please without jarring. He wins you over without disquieting you. Most statesmen can cleverly disguise their trickery, so that one does not get wind of it until later. Here we have an attractive straightforwardness.

HE LOVES France instinctively. When he says 'I love France,' he wants to explain why. In the last five years he has taken his son to see Versailles no less than half a dozen times. He perhaps knows our Versailles better than most people do. In his library he has all the French authors: those of the 19th and 20th centuries are among his favorites.

Knowing his passion for modern art, one may say that there is nothing retrospective about his love for Versailles. It is merely one of the many enchanting experiences he has had in France. The courtyard and the gardens of his house, on a mountain overlooking Belgrade, are reminiscent of Versailles. His garden has been laid out with circumspection; it is a cautious construction in the spirit of Cartesian France.

Is he well-informed? Yes. A poet? Yes, still. He is inclined to see the tragic side of life. It does not surprise him. When he ransacks his memory, it is sure to be for something sad. A good Frenchman would go mad doing this. For him, that is the way life is. In this attitude I see reflected the anguish latent in every Serb.

He analyzes for me his love for France. He tells me he loves France for the same reasons he loves his own country. He likes the same qualities in the French as in the Serbs. He defines this similarity admirably: the same capacity for steady work; courage to the point of heroism; loyalty bordering on chivalry.

He has a profound admiration for his country. Statesmen are often

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pleased to ridicule their compatriots before strangers. He, on the contrary, does not disclose his friendliness to you until he feels that you, in return, like his country: 'I know that you like us.' When in his youth he went to the Belgrade Lycée—not all his studies were carried on in England—it was only his prowess and not his rank that placed him at the head of his class. And so democratic are the Serbs that his professors used to call him simply Paul Karageorgevich.

AT THIS critical time in Yugoslavia Prince Paul has made his own decisions. They say that he is a liberal. I believe this to be true; but his liberalism is not a result of idealism. King Alexander, whose friend he was, wanted to abandon dictatorships and go back to constitutional monarchy. Thus Prince Paul is following a tradition.

They also say that his life abroad, his travels, his artistic tastes have sapped his taste for authority. What a mistake! I have only to remember one occasion in September when he was ill and yet on the sixth of that same month was present to review the traditional parade of the Guards —on horseback, for a Karageorgevich must always be mounted on such occasions!

Princess Olga, his wife, also likes life and movement. She likes skiing and horseback riding because she likes speed. She knows how to recognize intrigue and stratagem in people. There is nothing artificial, nothing studied about her. But she has a charming gift of feminine intuition.

As we know, King Alexander named three regents: he did wisely in making Prince Paul first among them. Yugoslavia needs a leader; her people would not understand divided power. There must be a chief to represent authority, to receive ambassadors, to appoint and support the Government. The Prince-Regent understood this at once. His attentions to the Queen Mother and to the King are charming; he puts all his authority at their disposal.

If his President of the Council is attacked he will not beat about the bush; in a political crisis he is ready to give you his complete support. And if he grants Yugoslavia constitutional government, it is because he understands that his country has reached the point where all its vital forces should be expanded.

Is it surprising, then, that he charms Yugoslavia more and more each year? Thanks to him, his country, which London despised almost from its birth, is enabled to reënter the company of European nations. England looks at Yugoslavia with different eyes now. Prince Paul's charm and authority are a product of the Slavic south, the birthplace of soldiers, artists, men who draw the world's attention to themselves: the new men of Belgrade.

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Romeo at Home

By C. A. L.

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Newspaper

IF YOU want to talk to Leslie Howard, screen star of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and the newly-finished *Romeo and Juliet*, and stage Hamlet of the coming New York season, you must go down into the leafier lanes of Surrey to find him. If you have to take local bearings—and you may, for this is one of the little villages that are still inconsequentially buried at the end of nowhere—it is wiser not to ask for the house of Mr. Howard, the actor. They only know two actors thereabouts. One is 'a Mr. Charles Haughton,' who lives some way off, on a hill, and the other is Mr. Sydney Howard, the comedian.

Leslie Howard is simply known locally as the mad fellow with the polo ponies. He has sixteen of them, six recently brought over from America with a Californian polo-player and a Texan cowboy to train them. When I arrived the lane outside his house was blocked by boys with delivery bicycles, women in aprons, an ice-cream cart, a couple of tradesmen's vans, half a dozen snorting horses, and a snaky dark motor-car, with a left-hand drive, standing negligently across the road, while the whole Howard household turned out to catch a brown mare that had gone berserk.

Mr. Howard himself, looking oddly improbable in light sweater and leather chaps, sat his horse in silence and watched while the Texan, with professional 'Ho yo!' and 'Ho, girl!' tried to rope the brown mare. Mr. Howard was worried. The other horses were getting too excited. There was a mare in the next field with a young foal, tossing her head nervously, neighing and cantering.

When the brown mare was finally caught and saddled Leslie Howard disappeared. He has a way of silently disappearing. He does it on the studio lot, and is usually discovered at last, far away, reading, or asleep in somebody's car. All his comings and goings have a kind of appealing inconsequence. You somehow expect his talk to be equally inconsequential, and it is one of his characteristic anomalies that when he does talk about work he talks with complete authority.

I found that with surprise on the day of my visit. When at last he reappeared from the paddock and dropped into a chair beside me in the sunny garden, he was suddenly and practically a man of the theater, an actor of experience and precision. Where I had anticipated vagueness, he was definite. He talked with certitude, and about things he knew.

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We began, naturally, with *Romeo and Juliet*, the film he has just finished in Hollywood with Norma Shearer. 'Would the public like it better than *A Midsummer Night's Dream*?' I asked.

'I don't know what they're going to say about *Romeo*. It's very fine, a beautifully produced picture; much more Shakespearean than the *Dream*. But then I think the *Dream* is one of the worst Shakespearean plays, anyway. Fantasy is always bad to act, and Shakespearean comedy isn't understood nowadays, and when you have both together you're headed for trouble. Now, *Romeo* is the ideal Shakespearean play for the screen. It's a great show and a great romance, and the screen is always supposed to be the most romantic of mediums.'

'Somebody told me,' I said, 'that Thalberg used five hundred pigeons and a herd of goats for the scene in the square. Doesn't that sort of thing upset Shakespeare a little?'

'Of course, Hollywood's cardinal sin is over-elaboration and extravagance; but so long as film producers *are* going to do everything realistically . . .'

'Need they?'

'Certainly not, but they have done it with such elaboration and for so long that it's going to be a bit hard to break the habit now. With Romeo, in particular, the whole canvas is so rich by nature that if you're going to treat it realistically, you might as well be lavish—let your square in Verona be a square in Verona, turn your feuds loose in it, have great masses and a sense of busy life—500 pigeons if you want them—and beautiful dances, pavanes and passacaglias. The whole film is a curious combination of magnitude and intimacy. You see, that thing about background—on the stage, as you say, an enormous background would smother the play. But on the screen you can take the background right away at any moment and it becomes an intimate study of two people . . .

'For instance, the farewell scene after their night together. The room in half darkness, Juliet still lying on the bed, Romeo turning towards the window, and the bird's song outside—the intimacy of that scene is perfectly amazing. By the way, we learnt that there's one kind of Shakespearean line that is wonderful on the screen—the quiet, philosophic line, and particularly the soliloquies. You can play them as low as you like, whisper them, and the effect is right. On the stage you always lose a little because you have to speak them sharply.'

I asked him if he thought Romeo a good actor's part, and he told me, terrible.

'I always thought it was a perfectly deadly part, except in the later scenes, where Romeo was something more than just a man in love. A man in love is a stupid thing—he bores you stiff, in real life or anywhere else; but a woman in love is fascinating—she has a kind of aura. Shakespeare

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was obviously fascinated by Juliet, and it was the woman he enriched. Romeo acquires something in the later scenes, when he becomes the victim of a political feud, and in his tragic moments he's rather interesting—a kind of adolescent Hamlet. But in the early parts of the play he's an awful bore. That's where the film script is so good. It cuts those early scenes ruthlessly.

'I really took the part,' he added, 'because they sent me this wonderful script to read. I had turned Romeo down half-a-dozen times, but now he seemed interesting to me for the first time in my life. No more of the Rosaline business. He jumps in quickly, without any mooning about. Some of the wordless sequences, too, are quite electrifying. The scene where Romeo is looking for Tybalt to kill him, after "Thy beauty hath made me effeminate." Suddenly galvanized, he picks up the sword Mercutio has dropped, rushes through the alleys where the life of the town is going on, women shopping, builders working, and spies him in a wine booth drinking with the rest of the Capulet gang. He stops dead and shouts the man's name "Tybalt!"—and by that time the audience is on its toes, ready for anything. That's a scene you can only do in pictures, and they've done it beautifully.'

'So in the end you came to like Romeo?'

'It was a very good experience for me, anyway. I'm doing Hamlet in the theater this autumn, and I thought I'd better see what sort of Shakespearean actor I should make. The screen isn't really an actor's medium at all, though,' he added. 'It's a very fascinating medium for producer and director. People like Korda and Thalberg get the best thing out of pictures. Quite frankly, if I had to go on year after year acting in one picture after another, without any control over the direction . . .'

There was a whinny from the paddock. Leslie Howard tried hard to ignore it.

'That's Sally,' he said, smiling. 'She's jealous of the new mares—thinks they're going to hurt her baby. Mm—what was I saying? Yes! If you can control your own pictures, it becomes interesting . . .'

Another whinny, more excited.

Mr. Howard got up. 'Funny things, horses,' he was saying as he drifted away. The interview was over. He was gone.

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A young Italian who was a Fascist a few years ago now sets down his views on the institution of Fascism today.

The Nature *of* Fascism

By NICHOLAS CHIARAMONTE

Translated from *Europe*,
Paris Literary and Political Monthly

I DO NOT know whether the word *Fascism* has as precise a meaning as its general use would lead one to believe. But at the same time it cannot be said that the *fact* of Fascism lacks a clearly defined meaning. The discrepancy between the word and the fact indicates a fundamental confusion, a confusion which has its roots in the following situation: the word *Fascism* does not express one single idea; on the contrary, it is essentially ambiguous. Nationalism and Socialism; 'anti-bourgeoisie' and restoration of the bourgeois morality; Catholicism and the exaltation of war; dictatorship and democracy—Fascism claims to be all these things at the same time, and tries to reconcile them in action.

A friend of mine, an Italian philosopher, once said to me, 'Imagine that such words as *Communism*, *democracy* or *nationalism* had disappeared from the dictionary. One could always find synonyms to express the same ideas. But if the word *Fascism* were to disappear, one would become hopelessly entangled in the most confused and contradictory attempts at definition.'

This is very true and very significant. If you apply it in turn to the official surface of the phenomenon of Fascism and to the social reality of which it claims to be the absolute expression, it would not be an exaggeration to say that the term *Fascism* has ended by having only one clear function, namely, to designate one of the prominent sources of today's world confusion. And as for the present-day world, it is well on the way toward going down into history as the epoch of the most thorough confusion of tongues since the Tower of Babel. In practice, however, Fascism is a fact which does not in itself lead to ambiguities. On the contrary it belongs to a category which imposes a definite choice upon man—a choice the nature of which you can find summed up in Pascal's words: 'Power is easily recognized, and brooks no dispute.'

Speaking from personal experience, I should say that this fact was made

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clear to me at a definite moment—at the age of fifteen, when I became a Fascist. I ought to say that in Italy at that time it was very difficult for a boy who belonged by birth and education to the middle classes not to be a Fascist. Fascism had on its side a poet of magnificent words and gestures—d'Annunzio; and a demagogue of the first order who was also a journalist wielding a sardonic, savage pen—Mussolini; while on the other side there were only 'serious' men, and you could hear nothing but sermons calling for the exercise of cold reason and utilitarian calculation. I was a Fascist then, and I walked the streets of Rome with gangs of boys of my own age, shouting, singing, and baiting the Government. My father did not like this particularly, but that only served to swell my lyrical fervor.

I stopped being a Fascist and ceased these enthusiastic promenades at another definite moment: when I learned that to practice Fascism meant to slaughter in their beds peasants of the Po Valley, of Tuscany and Apulia—men who were guilty only of not knowing enough to appreciate the beauty of d'Annunzian periods; and when with my own eyes I saw eight men attack one poor devil who had refused to shout '*Viva Italia*,' and beat him with blackjacks until he was covered with blood. There was nothing moral in my reaction. It was simply that I did not find this particularly heroic.

The party organs exalted these acts as glorious landmarks in the work of freeing Italy from the 'Bolshevik peril.' Later, in 1932, at the Exposition of the Fascist Revolution, I saw, beautifully arranged in show cases, revolvers and blackjacks neatly labeled 'Martyr So-and-So's Revolver,' 'Martyr So-and-So's Blackjack,' etc. I must say that my veneration for that type of martyr was not particularly increased by this exposition, for I recognized in it a procedure with which I had been familiar for some time, and which consisted of giving sonorous names to facts which were in themselves shameful.

Thus one could say that the doubts which gather around Fascism the more one learns about it come essentially from this simple fact: that it seems to have a vital interest in calling things otherwise than by their simplest names. It begins by stipulating that a crime is not a crime but a 'necessary,' and even a 'heroic,' 'moment in history,' and ends by designating by the word 'unanimity' the visible political result of its excellent police organization.

To take the anti-Semitic persecutions in Germany as an example: what I find intolerable in them is not so much the ferocious explosion of accumulated resentment; the danger lies in the fact that they try to justify this resentment, and to avoid responsibility for it, by the racial theory. For even at its most ferocious, passion is a human thing, and an attempt can always be made to control it. At its worst, it runs its course until it is glutted. But an absurd theory crystalizes this ferocity into a system, thereby shutting out all possibility of discussion. A wall arises which cannot be scaled. It is customary to exalt it by calling it mystic. More exactly, it marks the limit beyond which harm done by stupidity cannot be mended.

I do not wish to indulge in polemics; I merely wish to emphasize a fact which seems to me to be of prime importance in understanding Fascism. This fact

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consists in the shift of meaning which, by simplifying progressively the concepts of reality, arbitrarily reduces it to a dead level and ends by divorcing consciousness from its fundamental characteristic, which is that consciousness is made up of distinct objects and actions all of which have their significance and their proper consequences. It is this phenomenon which makes for the totalitarian spirit of Fascism, whose most elementary function is to impose an appearance of uniformity upon confused and complex reality. For that reason, one must pierce this totalitarian shell of Fascism and see what goes on behind it: that is to say, one must keep in view the distinctions and diversities of real, complex life, which otherwise one runs the risk of losing sight of completely. This is a prime necessity, and we must not be accused of prejudice if, in yielding to it, we cause the shell to crumble.

II

This work of rehabilitating reality can be carried on successfully in regard to Fascism only if we begin with the simplest facts. We must not admit the general meaning of the term *a priori*, but should rather seek to account for the specific characteristics inherent in all forms of the phenomenon, as in the Italian and the German versions. In this connection I shall confine myself to emphasizing the difference between the Fascist and the Nazi myths (or pseudo-myths) on which both movements are based: Julius Cæsar and Wotan, ancient Rome and ancient Germany. This very contrast breeds certain specific consequences. In Germany, National Socialism has been an atavistic return to anti-Europeanism. As soon as they decided upon the necessity of going back to 'purely Germanic' ideals—as contrasted with corrupt and bastard Europe—the Germans, with the perilous thoroughness which is typical of their mentality, reverted boldly and openly to the ideals of pure barbarism: the Forest of Teutoburg, the world of the Niebelungen. With Blomberg on one side and Wotan on the other, the tribal spirit, armed by modern technical science, ran amuck.

The myth of Rome and its imperial power began by evoking boundless boredom—of the kind we have all known in school, when our heads were being stuffed with civic virtue as practiced by the Cincinnati and Reguli. In short, the Roman myth only succeeded in producing rhetorical spectacles, with augurs gravely exchanging winks in the background.

The saddest thing about this Roman myth was that the whole of Europe was infected by it. It is true that the European humanists saw in Rome an agency for the diffusion of Hellenic culture rather than the brutality of the proconsuls and the *Zusammenmarschieren* of the legions. Thus Mussolini's 'Romanness,' particularly when contrasted with Hitler's 'Germanism,' was found to be quite western, quite European, and a noble tradition withal. Tacitus was forgotten for the history manual in the primary school style. People allowed themselves to be taken in by the antique gestures, and could not see the sinister specter behind the buffoonery. Or, rather, they saw it but did not take it to heart. For there was an urgent need for a 'good European' to guarantee that uncertain thing, European equilibrium. Be he a charlatan or a Cæsar, they thought, his milita-

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rized nation could be a very convenient weapon if its services were assured. Besides, everyone was dreaming of Fascism in true Roman style, full of nobility and wisdom.

Now they begin to perceive that they were wrong to think that the 'Roman' would be less trouble than the 'Teuton,' that the Latin Saturnalias would prove more innocuous than the Northern *Walpurgisnacht*. Mussolini was not the man to counterbalance the German peril. Doubtless Italy as a factor could have been of value from the point of view of disinterested humanism, but, leaving aside the prickly question of whether, as things are now, disinterested humanism is not an empty dream, it should have been apparent from the first that Italy under martial law was not in a position to help maintain order and balance. On the contrary, that simple fact in itself would be sufficient to make her a definite factor of disorder and disequilibrium. (Of course it is possible, particularly in our present situation, that the Governments saw supreme order and supreme guaranty of balance in just that state of martial law.)

III

Ever since the Middle Ages, Italy has had what I might call a 'substantial' concept of freedom. For an Italian, liberty was identical with life—with the vital and organic, as well as the intellectual, functions. To exist meant to exist *in freedom*. The counterpart of this theory is the conviction that no constraint can deprive one of this freedom. Thus you arrive at the conclusion that in order to live one has to adapt oneself to restrictions which in themselves take away any reason for existence. D. H. Lawrence has a passage about Italians which seems to me a good illustration of this idea: 'The Italian is really rooted in substance, not in dreams, ideas or ideals, but physically self-centered, like a tree. . . . The rather fantastic side of their nature sometimes makes them want to be angels or winged lions or soaring eagles, and then they are often ridiculous, though occasionally sublime. . . . But the people itself is of the earth, wholesomely and soundly, and unless perverted, will remain so.'

There is another idea that Italians have always understood as naturally and surely as liberty: universalism. One remembers Dante's proud reply when he was offered the opportunity of returning to Florence (from which he had been banished) upon payment of a sum of money: 'This is not a fitting way to go back to one's country. If another could be found which has no dishonor in it, I would accept it. But if there is no other, I shall never go back to Florence. What! Can I not see the sun *wherever* I am? Can I not meditate upon sweet verities under *any* sky?'

Universalism in Italy is not confined to intellectuals: it can be found in its simplest and most spontaneous form deeply rooted in the common people. Both in the medieval republics and in the far countries where their vital needs took them, the Italian people remained the most cosmopolitan and the most immune to that mental infection called xenophobia. As a matter of fact, today it is no longer merchants, bankers or artists who do most of the traveling to far countries, but peasants from the South, masons, artisans, workers—a great wave of proletarian emigration. It is to their

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interest that the world be kept open. They are naturally free traders, if one may say so, while the higher industrial bourgeoisie is naturally protectionist and nationalist. Domination by the nationalist bourgeoisie was necessary to make the Italian people xenophobian. Thus Fascism, with its catastrophic concept of the totalitarian state, introduced intolerance into Italy.

The Italians have always been, and still remain at heart, a factious people: their most violent civil wars coincide with the apogee of Italian civilization. Yet Italians have never been fanatics. One of the reasons why the Reformation did not spread in Italy must have been a conviction that it was not worth while to rid oneself of the Church only to fall into the clutches of moral rigorism. The Florentine of the thirteenth century, at once impassioned and skeptical, could never have understood why the motives of his private quarrels should be elevated into a question of universal significance. And to renounce these struggles (which, nevertheless, he would never cease to regard as calamities) merely to permit the establishment of an absolute power —he would have found such a course completely incomprehensible. If such an absolute power succeeds in being established, all the worse! But in this case there is no question of order, of society, but merely of force. So an Italian would have reasoned at a time when he believed that civilization was the blossoming of human lives and creative forms—and gave ample proof of his contention.

But the bourgeois came, and was bound, in conformity with his vision of human destiny, to cleave to his concept of civilization as a policeman, a station-master; then the totalitarian order could at last be idealized and presented as the supreme expression of human life. It is true, however, that the people still continue to hold to the classical concept, and to consider absolute power as an act of coercion to which one must submit with resignation in anticipation of better times to come.

IV

For the fact is that totalitarianism in Italy is completely incongruous and unrelated to the nature of society. It can achieve a surface uniformity; but among the masses it cannot command anything more than a superficial enthusiasm, behind which lies a fundamental passivity—even Mussolini feels this when he is not himself on the scene. In this lies its essential difference from Germany. Germany is the home of that model and prototype of the totalitarian State: Prussia. Such an order of society is regarded as something essential, something to be proud of. One adapts oneself to it with optimism, if not with enthusiasm: '*Befehl ist Befehl.*' While in Italy obedience always takes the form of resignation to the evil that cannot be helped, and no matter how much the 'Warrior Nation' may be exalted, the people always interpret it, very accurately, as 'compulsory military service.' The songs one hears most frequently in the barracks deal with the day when the soldier will regain his freedom. In Germany, on the contrary, military service is performed with pride and satisfaction. As the Führer said quite recently: 'Every German considers it a hardship not to be allowed to serve his country.'

I do not mean that Germany is condemned by a decree of fate to endless

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Zusammenmarschieren and totalitarianism. God forbid! I merely wish to say that such things are in the German tradition. But even in that same German tradition there exists a typical conflict between Fichte and Hegel, a conflict which breaks out in whatever form it can, even in National Socialism: Fichte regards the nation as above all a 'free society,' while for Hegel there is no real life outside the will of the State and deliberate submission to those forms of government which the *Weltgeist* assumes in the course of history.

On the other hand, to be accurate one must admit that a totalitarian form, if not, actually, a totalitarian State, existed in Italy long before Fascism. But it was called the Catholic Church. In order to dominate, the Church had to adopt Jesuitical methods and limit itself to demanding merely *superficial* stupidity. And it is the Church which, from the eighteenth century on, possessed the effective political power in Italy. In spite of all their efforts to rid themselves of her domination, princes and Governments always ended by resorting to compromises—and it was never difficult to meet the Church upon this ground. To resolve any seeming paradox in the idea I have just expressed, one needs only to remember the power acquired 'in one morning' by the Italian Catholic Party, which was formed directly after the War (when the Vatican thought it well that the Catholics should take part in their country's political life), and the decisive rôle that its actions played in the coming of Fascism.

There are two important points to be considered in this connection. One is, to what extent had Fascism to defer to the influence of the Church in the traditional field of clerical control, and how far had the Church, in its turn, to compromise with Fascism? The other, and much more impressive, is that Italian Fascism, with all its Nietzscheanism and pragmatism, was, in the final analysis, nothing more than a manifestation of the Catholic Church —a fact which confirms the ancient theory that, in Italy, whenever one has any truck with that organization one ends by becoming its tool.

V

In order to illustrate Fascism it might be useful to give a few doctrinal quotations. In the course of an address to his followers, delivered in September, 1920, the following phrase escaped Mussolini's lips: 'As for me, I do not take much stock in these ideals [pacifist ideals], but I do not exclude them because *I exclude nothing*.' This is a statement of capital importance: the whole philosophy of Italian Fascism is based upon it—that philosophy which thinks nothing of accepting into its ranks men of the most diverse political opinions, provided only that they renounce them henceforth to follow the true path, which finds all doctrines good as means to an end. It sums up the Duce's famous Machiavellism, which consists in guaranteeing the capitalists their dividends at the same time as he proclaims the end of capitalism; believing the League of Nations to be a hypocritical piece of democratic twaddle, and demanding at the same time a place at the Geneva table, with all the honors due to the 'gentlemen of the League'—except in a case like Ethiopia's, when he takes care to show this worm-eaten institution how

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useless it is to try to bar his way with their prattle about precedents. For, you see, he excludes nothing, and he is sincerely pained that others are not as intelligent as he is in this respect: it would be so much more practical for everyone! He is so firmly entrenched in this attitude that quite naturally and in complete sincerity he cannot explain any opposing one except by supposing a coalition of sordid interests. Since he excludes nothing, he is bound to be on the right side. (I may say in passing that Hitler could never endorse so catholic a proposition. On the contrary, being a good fanatic, he believes that his German god is with him just because he is so ready to exclude everything. One must add that the two points of view produce identical results.)

To analyze the importance attached to the philosophical side of Mussolini's system, we quote another phrase from the year 1921. 'During the *two months* which remain before the National Assembly meets, I should like to see us create the philosophy of Italian Fascism.' The result of this pious wish could have been foreseen: a bevy of sycophants set zealously to work to manufacture a fine philosophy for the Duce. Every highschool professor, every young whippersnapper elevated to the rank of 'official thinker,' every literary light in bad with the Academy had his own philosophy of Fascism. The advantage to the régime in having a number of systems available for purposes of propaganda was, by and large, slight, since the strength of the régime depends upon more substantial factors than these secretions of diseased brains. But, as might have been expected, the effects upon Italian culture were discouraging—in conformity with the old economic law that 'bad money drives out good.' Apart from the question of culture in relation to the general morale, the state of mind necessary for justifications made to order is, by its very nature, a state of indifference to truth. And such indifference is the most terrible of the scourges that ravage our society.

VI

The basic verity of the Fascist system was officially voiced by its founder in the *Doctrine of Fascism* in 1932: '*Individuals are first and foremost the State.*' The formula is quite nonsensical, as it is the destiny of all the Hegelian formulas imported into Italy to become; but the idea that underlies it is very clear. It means that life is no longer a personal matter but one of organization. In other words, the first and ultimate object of thought is no longer nature and humanity but the established power and its mechanism; for it is upon that power alone that the meaning and the value of our life depend, and therefore it alone may decide which concept of the world should be adopted.

Needless to say the most diverse concepts of the world succeed each other with bewildering suddenness and nonchalance in Mussolini's universe; today one may be obliged to view the world in the light of Anglophobia, anti-Socialism and Colonial Imperialism, whereas yesterday one viewed it in the light of Gallophobia, Hitlerism and the 'Five Year Plan' for reclaiming the Pontine Marshes—all this without precluding whatever world-vision the God-State in its visible reincarnation may put out tomorrow. These shifts of values, which succeed each other *ad*

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infinitum, naturally produce upon the masses an impression of dizziness. The persons whose interests are bound up with the régime in one way or another find that this is what is called 'living dangerously' (which is only too true); the majority lose all sense of direction and resign themselves to waiting submissively for whatever comes along; while, with impotent despair, the small minority of those who have somehow succeeded in keeping their balance see the abysses opening beneath everyone's feet.

But the strange definition of the individual which we have just quoted implies more than a monopoly of the *Weltanschauung;* it also means that we must give account of our actions, not to human beings like ourselves, but to the political bureaus, and that it is they who set the limits to our personal moral life. In the final analysis, it stresses the importance, not of man's destiny, but of police regulation. Consequently the element which in humanity is productive of contemplation, joy, Rembrandt, Beethoven, Athens, Florence, does not exist in its own right but must be subordinated to Government control, which means, be condemned to suicide. And, not to forget the details, the spectacle that is the world has no legitimate beauty unless it is viewed as part of a grand parade or—supreme completeness!—a bombardment!

All this is an accurate description of the nightmare that is Fascism. Yet this nightmare is not a fantasy; it is not the perfectly rationalized and mechanized world that Aldous Huxley has described for us in his *Brave New World;* nor is it that subterranean region, inhabited by a race of men drained of all will by the magnetic powers of their ruler, which Joseph O'Neil has imagined in his *Land Under England.* The world in question is quite real and normal. I am tempted to say that it is normal by definition, for the only actions which the totalitarian discipline allows, and therefore encourages, are 'normal' actions, those deeds 'without infamy or glory' which Dante judged unworthy even of infernal torments.

There is one decisive test, which is indicated in Augustine's words: '*Ubi magnitudo, ibi veritas*—where there is greatness, there is truth.' Well, there is no greatness in Fascism. This is so not only because heroism is only possible against, and martyrdom by, it—a decisive circumstance, which seems to dog all forms of Fascism like a Nemesis. It is true mostly because Fascism in practice will never succeed in being anything but a bourgeois existence organized and made obligatory. Hence its own peculiar madness. For an obligatory, organized bourgeois existence is nothing more than life in the barracks. Military discipline as an end unto itself is not an ideal of life; and even less is it material for heroism. In the best case it is hardened mediocrity. The Ministers of Propaganda too often flaunt as 'heroic sacrifices' and 'horror of the comfortable life' the simple fact that they accept what cannot be avoided.

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Here are two stories about the modern Gaels; in both there is the weird and ghostly atmosphere which is so characteristic a feature of Celtic letters.

Tales *of the* Gaels

I. 'POTEEN'

By A. R. LINDT

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich German-Language Daily

WHISKY was the drink of the people in England and Ireland. If the baby cried too heartbreakingly at night, the father would tenderly feed it a spoonful of whisky. But in its concern for the physical and spiritual welfare of its citizens, the State intervened and imposed a high tax on the golden fluid. In England a bottle of whisky costs 12s. 6d. In Ireland they thought it necessary to raise the price to 16s.: the Irishman clung more stubbornly to his favorite drink than did the Englishman.

Even the thirstiest Irish peasant can no longer afford whisky now. Is he to renounce alcohol? Beer is too weak and does not count. But Ireland has something else to offer: a drink distilled from barley, as clear as water, and stronger than whisky—real 'fire-water.' The peasants call it *poteen*—'little pot.' Poteen is prohibited in Ireland, and there is a heavy fine for distilling or even drinking it. The police, however, are only permitted to intervene when they catch a culprit in the act.

SEAN and I were returning from a fishing trip.

'Let's have a glass of beer,' said Sean.

Now it so happens that the bar-rooms in Ireland, as in England, are closed at certain hours of the day by police regulations. We had had poor luck at fishing, and now our luck failed us again, for it just happened to be past closing time.

'Never mind,' said Sean. He passed the locked door of the pub and went around the house until he came to a second entrance. This one was locked too. Softly he began to tap against the wood, in a peculiar rhythm—'to let the innkeeper know we are customers and not the police.' Reluctantly the

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lock was pushed back, and the distrustful face of the innkeeper appeared in the crack of the door. A subdued greeting followed. While the innkeeper was locking the door behind us, Sean pushed me into the dark tavern. We were not the first guests. A peasant was already standing at the bar. He greeted Sean with a wink. As soon as each of us had paid for a round, Sean gave a shudder, and whispered:—

'The beer is flat. To hell with it.'

'There are better things than beer,' Eamon whispered back.

The innkeeper cleared away the bottles carefully, to avoid a tinkle.

'Who is that?' Eamon asked after a while, pointing toward me.

'A stranger—a friend of mine,' Sean answered under his breath.

'Safe?'

'Safe!'

Eamon looked at me searchingly from head to foot.

'Let's go,' he whispered finally.

First the innkeeper stuck his head out of the back door.

'The air is clear.'

We strode out into the twilight.

A foggy, dew-like drizzle engulfed us. Shreds of cloud licked at the sea, swallowed up the islands, hung heavily about the barren mountains.

'We are in luck,' Eamon said. 'A constable won't be able to see the smoke of the fire even from close up.'

'The spirits of the mountain are with you,' Sean answered.

In front of us a rabbit scampered off. 'A pity we don't have a gun,' I said.

'You would dare to shoot a rabbit?' Eamon asked with astonishment.

'Why not? Roast rabbit tastes good.'

Eamon looked at me disapprovingly.

'Don't you know that the penitent souls of the dead go on living in rabbits?'

We left the highway, stumbled over stony pastures in the darkness, frightened a few black cows and finally came to a mighty granite rock. Eamon looked back, held his breath, and listened. No one was following us. He stepped behind the rock. Three men suddenly sprang up before us.

'Hello, Mike. Hello, Séamus. Hello, Paddy,' Eamon said in a low voice.

'The boat is ready,' Paddy whispered.

Five of us strode along together, Séamus lagging a little behind to form the rear-guard. The fog became denser. I almost walked into the water that lay suddenly before us, black and smooth. It must have been a mountain lake; steep banks rose into the deep clouds all around. As soon as Séamus got abreast of us, Paddy disappeared into the fog. We waited silently. I wanted to light a cigarette, but Eamon stopped me.

'No, not now. The light might give us away!'

We heard oars splashing, and a broad shadow, magnified like a ghost by the fog, glided toward us. We got into the boat, which was steered by Paddy. Eamon looked back, watchfully trying to penetrate the darkness. From our slouch hats moisture dropped heavily.

The boat scraped bottom. We waded ashore. For a moment a sudden gust of wind blew away the shredded clouds; the lake shone brightly in the moonlight, closely lined by rugged mountains. We stood on a little moor, with flowering heather shining pallidly. Peat, heaped in piles, resembled

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strangely twisted figures. Silently the men arranged a hearth of stones and brought dry pieces of peat. Eamon and his companions went back to the boat. Sean and I waited.

'Now they are going for the kettle, which is buried somewhere in the moor,' Sean said.

The men returned; they carried the distilling utensils ashore and fixed them over the hearth. As soon as the fog banks had again made the lake invisible, Eamon lit the fire. As, around us, the misty landscape sunk into the darkness, the peat began to glow, flames licked up, light crawled along the men's shoes, illuminated the deeply furrowed faces, and made the red beards glow like fire.

'God bless your work,' Sean said. He leaned toward me and whispered in my ear:—

'You ought to say that, too, for otherwise we might think you want to spoil Eamon's work with the evil eye!'

From the kettle a sweetish smell began to emerge. Slowly it began to bubble. Slowly the first drops fell from the coiled pipe into the trough. Eamon caught a few of them in his glass, held them against the fire like precious wine, so that the colorless liquid shone like blood. He sniffed at the glass, and smacked his lips as he tasted the whisky.

'Thank God it came off all right,' he said solemnly. The glass passed from mouth to mouth. The smell of the fusel oil settled over us. The flickering flames grew brighter. The wind began to stir the lake.

'It was on such a night as this,' Paddy, the boatsman, said, 'that I saw Billy, Padraic's son.'

'Billy, who was drowned last spring on his way back from the islands?' Eamon asked.

'I saw him and his boat. I was substituting that night for the flood-gate guard down at the bay. The flood-gates were closed. I heard the rustle of a boat racing toward me with the wind. I saw the brown, patched sails, for though it wasn't a moonlight night, the stars were shining brightly. At the tiller sat a man. Quickly I tried to pull up the gate; I could not work the lock.

'"Stop!" I shouted at the fisherman. He did not move; he did not drop his sails; he did not pull the rudder round. With a full wind in his sails, he shot toward the iron gates. Already I could hear the splintering of wood, the groaning of iron, and the death cry of the man. But the boat went right through the gate, just as the wind blows through the fishing nets. I recognized the cap of the fisherman, a white captain's cap. Only Bill wore such a cap. God have mercy on his soul!'

'God have mercy on his soul!' the others repeated.

They got up because the last drops had flowed out of the coil. Eamon grasped a wooden measuring cup, dipped it into the trough, and placed it, filled to the brim with poteen, on top of the rock near the lake. I looked at him questioningly.

'We poteen distillers always do this. My father has done it and my grandfather before him. We know that the spirits of the earth and of the sea like a good drop. It is for them that we set up the full cup. Tomorrow I shall look for it again; it is always empty. If it is overturned, I shall know that the spirits have drunk enough. If it stands upright, I shall refill it. If we should

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ever neglect this offering to the spirits, the poteen would fail.'

The men carried the full trough into the boat and hid it afterwards at a secret place in the moor. The rain was lashing our faces hard; the mountain lake seemed as though stirred up by ghostlike powers. On the highway Sean and I took leave of the others.

'Wait,' Eamon said. 'One never knows when one is going to run into a constable. A constable has a good nose for poteen.'

He pulled an onion out of his pocket, cut it in thin slices.

'Chew that,' he said. 'You will be smelling of onion then instead of poteen.'

II. The Corpse

By Malin Bruce

From the *Adelphi*, London Literary and Political Monthly

IMPORTANT business had delayed for more than a week my friend's return from the city, and I, his guest, was alone in the old harled house. From the window of the drawing room I watched rooks flying over to the beech trees on the hill and dusk following behind them as if it was an emanation from their bodies.

I wished I had not told Susan, the hodden-gray housekeeper, that she could stay overnight in the village to which she had gone to visit her sister. I was hungry, and the idea of foraging in the dim cupboards of the downstairs regions and of preparing a meal for myself, which had seemed to me in the bright afternoon to promise relief from the monotony of existence, no longer appealed to me.

The bleating of a snipe, like a voice from the land which lies beyond thought and time, mourned across the silence. I shivered and rose to close the window. As I swung the sneck into place, a knock sounded on the front door, not loud but continuing insistently, like the knocking of a corncrake's cry on the doors of summer half-light.

The feeling of eeriness which had descended upon my spirit with the coming of twilight increased as I went across the hall to the door. On the step stood a thin, ragged boy of about fourteen years of age, who looked at me with an expression of such mingled surprise and relief that I could not help wondering if a human being was not the last thing he had expected to see. He spoke a mumble of words, the only one of which I distinguished was *corpse*.

'Corpse?' I said. 'What corpse?'

'My faither. My mother says if ye come ower the noo ye can see the corpse.'

I had not known there was a dead man in the neighborhood, and anyway I had not the slightest desire to see one that night.

'Mr. Mungall is not at home,' I said, hoping to get rid of the boy.

But he merely stared dully at me and repeated: 'My mother says if ye come ower the noo ye can see the corpse.'

'Where do you live?' I asked.

He pointed between the rhododendrons on the frost-rimmed lawn to

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where a light burned palely in the haughs, then ran off so soundlessly that my attention was drawn to his feet, which, I saw with shivering horror, were completely bare. Compared with this condition of the living death seemed pleasant, even desirable.

Mungall doubtless had known the deceased well. Maybe it was expected that he should go to view the remains; maybe failure to do so would bring discredit upon him. I had promised to see to things in his absence . . . But this . . . ! I wondered if I could not pass the matter off as a grisly joke; but even while I considered it, I knew that I would not feel at ease until I had paid a call at the house on the haughs.

As I crossed the fields, darkness lay like a whipped dog along the hedge-bottoms. The cottage stood with its back to the river, which washed with a faint slapping sigh the lichened walls. I knocked loudly on the door, which was quickly opened by a tall gaunt woman, who asked me would I mind going into the kitchen just a minute: 'It's a' reel-rall, but a body canna keep the place tidy wi' the bairns on the go,' she said with a sort of defiance, as if I had been finding fault.

There were five or six children, the youngest little more than a baby, crowded in the narrow apartment, who gazed at me boldly or shyly according to their nature—except one girl who, forced by her mother to give me her seat, looked at me with intense hatred. The mother whispered something to her, and she went out immediately. When the woman turned toward me again, I saw that she was with child. I stared at her feeling again the same shivering horror that had gripped me at sight of the boy's naked feet, and could find nothing to say. Then suddenly a racking cough sounded from one of the two set-in beds, and I saw lying there a boy with cheeks the color of forced rhubarb.

'That's Dave, he's been ill for months noo. If it's no' ane o' the weans that's badly it's anither. It's this hoose, ye can never warm it, whit wi' the stane floor and the river saw near haun'.'

'What does the doctor say about him?'

'He's never seen him. The doctors chairge sic a fee for comin' sae faur frae the village.'

The sound of the outer door shutting was a signal for which apparently she had been waiting. Rising, she said: 'If ye come ben noo, ye'll see the corpse.'

I followed her across the shadow-crowded lobby. She opened the door of the room, then, emitting a startled cry, tried to shut it again, to prevent my seeing what was beyond. She was too late, however. The girl was moving about the room with a lighted piece of brown paper in her hand. At the window stood the boy whose message had brought me to the house, and whose opening and closing of the door on his return home had misled the woman into thinking that the girl had given the 'all-clear' signal.

Her embarrassment embarrassed me also.

'It's to get rid o' the smell frae the midden and the closet. They're faur ower near and the hoose is never clear o' the stink. In the summer it's fair terrible,' she said nervously.

The girl and boy left the room in silence. The woman picked up the candle, which was the sole illumination, and held it high above her head.

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Behind the door, on top of a large varnished kist, was a black coffin. I saw the dull yellow shine of the brass tablet inscribed with the deceased's name and age.

'He was born ower the way at Bindra,' said the woman, 'and hardly was oot o' sicht o't a' his days. It was there that I met him, I mind the day fine. We were thinnin' neeps, me and some o' the auld weemin bodies frae the cottages, doon by the waterside, my first day in the fields. He had been to the city wi' the milk-cairt and it was weel on afore he cam' to gie's a haun'. We wer jist beginnin' a new drill, working up hill frae the water when he cam' throu' the yett. The way the grun' lay we lost sicht o' him the meenit he reached the heid rig, but we kent he wad wark doonhill and we wad get his news when we met. Whether he had miscoonted the drills, or whether it was dune on purpose I dinna ken, but when we got to the tap o' the rise was he no' workin' on my dreel! I was a' flustered but he jist lauched and said "We'd better begin thegither again at the fit." And that was whit we did. He aye contrived it so that we were gaun in the opposite direction frae the ithers. They chaffed us unmercifu', and some o' the weemin had gey coorse tongues, but we never heeded. I was happy to be at his side, and when he askit me to be his lass and his love, I wasna loth. We got on fine thegither a' they years, though God kens it was a struggle gey often to mak' ends meet. I wad hae likit to hae got a better coffin for him, but this was a' I could afford.'

She bent over and touched the coffin lovingly with her fingers, and suddenly in the flickering light they seemed pallid and strange as if death was flowing into them from the wood.

I felt I could not look upon the dead man's face. I turned my eyes away and saw that the paper was hanging from the walls like decaying tapestry. The roof and walls were stained a jaundiced yellow where the rain had been seeping through. The odor of death mingled with the smell of the dry closet and midden filled my nostrils and I felt I wanted to be sick.

I was aware of the woman's eyes fixed on me. She was expecting me to make some remark, and I was troubled lest I should not say the desired thing. A beetle disturbed by the light crawled along the wall like an evil thought. I watched it in silence.

The woman began to weep quietly, saying, 'I was terrible pleased he wasna disfigured when the thresher killed him. He was prood o' his guid looks, aye lauched when I teased him aboot it. But he lauched at a' thing—win', weet, and woe.'

She went nearer to the coffin, and held the candle close to the dead face in order that I should perceive the truth of her words. I moved to her side, shuddering, expecting to see laughter mocking death on the rigid countenance. I heard the painful coughing of the sick boy and the querulous crying of the baby. The dank air chilled me to the bone.

The face was without expression, however. As I looked, it seemed to acquire the color and texture of clay, to be disintegrating among the shadows cast by the candle.

'The funeral's the morn at two,' said the woman. 'It was rale nice o' ye to come and show him yer respects.'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

The Art of Displeasing

By Raymond Mortimer

From the *Listener*, London

Surrealism has reached London—a little late, it is true, a little dowdy and seedy and down at heel and generally enfeebled. It began in Paris with a small band of brothers who united to bid defiance to the public, to civilization, to reason, to the universe; and some have died, and others have grown up, and almost all have quarreled. But germs can renew their virulence in a fresh environment, and surrealism, which in Paris is decrepit, may yet become fashionable in London. In a modified form, I am sure. For somehow I do not see our young literary sparks spitting in the face of clergymen, as was the courageous custom of the founders of the movement. Blasphemy and obscenity, again, have hitherto been a duty for all good surrealists, but one may wonder whether many of them will perform this duty in England, where it entails a heavy fine or a visit to gaol. To the watered surrealism that we are likely to have here, the most bourgeois of us can offer, I think, a mild welcome. The æsthetic climate of this country always inclines to be stuffy and relaxing. Perhaps this breeze from France will animate our stagnant atmosphere, invigorate some writers and painters, fertilize some imaginations, and grow a few needed orchids to vary the herbaceous monotony of our hardy perennials.

To understand surrealism you must look at its origins. During the post-War, pre-slump years, Paris had become the playground of the world. Would-be writers and painters with a lot of 'artistic temperament' and very little talent crammed the cafés, chattering in every language from Chinese to Peruvian. Drink, drugs, sexuality in its most psychopathic forms were the ostentatious relaxations, often indeed the principal occupations, of this heterogeneous mob. The presence of painters like Picasso and Matisse, of writers like Gide, of poetic wits like Cocteau, had attracted every young foreigner, American, Scandinavian or Asiatic, who had artistic ambitions, and a large enough allowance of money (or good looks) to provide him or herself with food and drink. The atmosphere was feverish, men of genius were making extraordinary experiments in the various arts, and men without even a little talent were imitating them.

Suddenly, as a product of, and as a reaction against, this Bohemianism, appeared surrealism. Here was a gesture more defiant than any, a more violent attempt to surprise and shock, a movement which styled itself a revolution. Communism was indeed one of its battle-cries, because France was a bourgeois country. If surrealists were allowed in Russia, they would presumably be Czarists, for the essence of the movement is revolution for revolution's sake. The exploitation of the unconscious was the technique recommended to writers and painters, automatic writing, as it were, and automatic drawing. (Without Freud's doctrines and Picasso's practice, surrealism could not have happened.) Predecessors for the movement were found in Lautréamont, Rimbaud, the Marquis de Sade, and Lewis Carroll. The surrealist writers sought the furthest-fetched images, the most unlikely concatenations of words. The painters either married on their canvases the most unlikely objects, seeking to create a world as remote as possible from the actual, or evolved from their subconscious curious forms not to be found in nature, but disquieting from some obscure suggestiveness. Surprise and disquietude are indeed

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the states of mind which it is the special object of the surrealists to excite.

The movement was launched by a group several of whom possessed remarkable talent. Some of the most gifted of the post-War generation leapt upon this occasion to display their disillusionment, and their contempt for the Philistine, frivolous, bourgeois society in which they felt themselves strangers. Breton, Aragon, Eluard, Soupault, Delteil are all gifted writers. And among the painters more or less affiliated at one time to the group were Chirico, Masson and Mirò. Picasso commanded the admiration of the surrealists, and though he never joined them, did not refuse their homage. Later the group was reinforced by Salvador Dali, a Spanish painter who is now one of the most active and orthodox surrealists. In another Spaniard, Bunuel, the movement found a brilliant film director. For some years the surrealists maintained themselves successfully in the limelight.

But a movement determined so largely by hatred contains the seed of its own disintegration. Quarrels, heresies, schisms have divided the original group. Aragon, who was Breton's ablest lieutenant, took his Communism too seriously, and resigned or was expelled. One would have to take daily trunk-calls to Paris to know who is and who is not accepted as a good surrealist by the 'Curia' of the movement. And after all what is interesting in surrealism is not the history of the prep-school squabbles and sendings to Coventry among its exponents but the state of mind which it represents, and the methods by which these are expressed. Breton and his band were the first to articulate and codify emotions and techniques which are a part of our *Zeitgeist*—a symptom, if you like, of the death-agony of capitalism; a consequence, if you prefer it, of a sudden alteration in human consciousness; or again merely a manifestation of the European appetite for some new thing.

In the visual arts surrealism represents above all a return to the subject. For the last twenty-five years critics have been emphasizing the supreme importance in sculpture and painting of the purely plastic elements, composition and texture —what has been called 'significant form.' The subject of a picture—whether it represented Aphrodite or a dead fish or nothing recognizable—has been dismissed as comparatively unimportant. And while the poetic and dramatic qualities in a picture are often more important than the more ascetic critics have allowed, they are certainly not indispensable. And, if the formal elements are lacking, the 'story' a picture tells very quickly ceases to interest. It may be amusing to visit once the Guildhall Art Gallery, where there is a rich collection of Nineteenth Century Royal Academy anecdotes, but no one could return there again and again, as to the National Gallery or the French rooms at the Tate, with ever increasing satisfaction. Similarly the interest excited by a surrealist picture very quickly evaporates. The first sight of it may successfully give you the shock of surprise or disgust which the artist has sought to produce. But you cannot go on being surprised, and you probably do not want to go on being disgusted.

There is in the surrealist show at the New Burlington Galleries a picture by Mr. Magritte that represents very realistically a pair of boots, which develop towards the toes into human feet with almost photographic toe-nails. This picture really is the modern equivalent of those favorite Victorian pictures of boots with kittens climbing out of them. The sentiment is different, and we are expected to exclaim 'How amusing!' or 'How horrid!' instead of 'How sweet!', but the surrealist painting is quite as undistinguished as the Millais or whatever it was; and consequently it equally rapidly becomes boring.

Most of the exhibits in the surrealist show have nothing to recommend them except this ability to surprise—for about one minute. And the more they approximate to automatic drawings, the more

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tiresome they become. For the subconcious is the least interesting part of a human being—analysis brings to light always the same monotonous old impulses of lust and anxiety and hatred. The Œdipus complex is interesting in its varied effects on action and on the consciousness, but in itself it seems as depressingly uniform as the tibia or the gall-bladder.

Luckily the organizers of the exhibition have thrown their net very wide, and there are a number of admirably-organized pictures which are only incidentally, if at all, surrealist. The splendid recent Picassos have a ferocity which no doubt commends them to the faithful, but first and foremost they are just very good paintings, the works of a man with such inventive genius that he could found a new school every year. The Paul Klees are ravishing; his sensibility to texture places him among the most charming painters alive. The early Chiricos again are good examples of romantic painting: his curious and personal imagination has greatly influenced the surrealist writers and his works have the approved dream-like quality, but they are dreams organized by the consciousness. (You have only to compare them with Mr. Oelze's pictures, which have the genuine subconscious or automatic quality, and which are consequently æsthetically meaningless.) Mirò is a natural decorator of remarkable taste, and his adherence to surrealism probably makes his work neither better nor worse.

The truth is, of course, that a theory is valuable only in so far as it stimulates a painter. Whether a man claims to be a pre-Raphaelite, an impressionist, a cubist or a surrealist, all that matters is his talent —you can paint magnificently or abominably under any of these titles. Mr. Dali is the most fashionable of the thoroughgoing surrealists, and in his case I fancy that his theories positively obscure his talent. His pictures are frequently as silly as those of Böcklin, the painter of *The Island of the Dead*. But some of his straightforward drawings, where he forgets the importance of being paranoiac, suggest that he could paint well if he did not prefer to paint unpleasantly. But most of the exhibits are feeble; to sham madness evidently needs a lot of imagination.

Several English artists exhibit. Messrs. Roland Penrose and Burra are true surrealists, and attain their aim of rousing surprise and disquietude. Mr. Paul Nash, on the other hand, sends extremely charming pictures, in which he has felicitously enlivened sound formal elements with fantasy. Mr. Julian Trevelyan's works are uncommonly tasteful, rather in the Klee manner. Mr. Henry Moore, as we know, is an admirable sculptor, but his abstract carvings do not strike me as in the least surrealist. The exhibition includes a selection of savage art and of natural objects, showing that the cannibal and Dame Nature alike have their surrealistic moods.

In so far as surrealism encourages freedom of imagination in the visual arts, it is surely all to the good. We have had too many pictures of apples and napkins painted merely because the genius of Cézanne turned everything it touched to majestic poetry. If a man cannot paint a good picture, he had better paint an odd or amusing one. (Best of all, though, let him stop painting.) The Royal Academy is not worse today than it was fifty years ago, but it is duller, because there are fewer anecdotes. Surrealism is indeed a return to the Royal Academy tradition, though no doubt Mr. Breton and Sir William Llewellyn will alike indignantly deny the fact. What is new in surrealism is that the subject is chosen for its oddity or its unpleasantness instead of for its prettiness or sentimentality. And the exploration of the subconscious has revealed an easy, though perhaps not very varied, supply of odd and unpleasant images.

The First Post-Impressionist Exhibition infuriated the public, because it could not believe that the pictures of Cézanne, van Gogh and Matisse were anything but ugly. And the wiser critics insisted that they

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were beautiful. No one needs to be infuriated on these grounds by the present show. The man in the street will agree that these works are horrid. And that is what he is wanted to think.

Picasso's Mind

By Clive Bell

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

IT WOULD be interesting, but will never be possible, to know how much money has been made out of Picasso. That this is not intended as an insult to anyone will be clear to those who remark that at this very moment I am making money out of him myself. Indeed, I was not thinking so much of dealers and dealing amateurs as of writers, manufacturers and the big shops. The weight of 'Picasso literature' in French, English, German and, I am told, Japanese is positively crushing; while one has only to look into the windows of Le Printemps or La Samaritaine to see what the fabricators of cheap finery owe to the inventor of cubism. Whether Picasso is the greatest visual artist alive is an open question; that he is the most influential is past question.

Something like a recognition of this was celebrated, more or less accidentally, about three months ago; and for a fortnight at the end of February and beginning of March, until Herr Hitler gave us something else to talk about, all Paris was talking of Picasso. There was the great exhibition of twenty new paintings *chez* Paul Rosenberg; there was a show of smaller but hardly less exciting works *chez* Pierre Colle—from which, by the way, comes a part of the remarkable collection now on view at the Zwemmer Gallery; there were important pictures at the Spanish exhibition; and *Cahiers d'Art* produced a special number, devoted to Picasso 1930–1935, in which, for the first time, the public was given a sample of the painter's poetry.

It is customary when a great artist in one medium tries his luck in another not to take him seriously. On this occasion custom must be dishonored. The poems of Picasso will have to be taken seriously, if for no other reason, because they throw light on his painting; also it is only as throwing light on his painting that an 'art critic' is entitled to discuss them. To me it seems that even these fragments published in *Cahiers d'Art* will help anyone who needs help—and who does not?—to follow, through Picasso's visual constructions, the workings of Picasso's mind. Often in the poems, which are essentially visual, the connection of ideas, or, better, of ideas of images, is more easily apprehended than in the paintings and drawings.

Picasso, one realizes, whether one likes it or not, Picasso, the most visual of poets, is a literary painter. He always was: again and again his pictures express an emotion that did not come to him through the eyes alone. Matisse, by comparison, is æsthetic purity itself; and that may account to some extent for the wider influence of Picasso. Notoriously his pictures of the blue period are so charged with a troubling and oppressive pathos that they have been called, not unfairly, I think, sentimental. And though the immediate content of all his work, about which I shall have something to say presently, is an association of visual ideas set in train as a rule by a visual fact—the stump of a cigarette or a naked body—behind lie certain emotional preoccupations from which the artist has never freed himself and perhaps has never wished to free himself.

Always he is aware, not exactly of human misery, but of the misery of being human. Always he is aware of women. Lust and disgust, women's bodies, women's ways, and what Dryden elegantly calls 'the feat of love' are to this artist sometimes visions of delight, sometimes nightmares, negligible never. To deny the importance, for better or for worse, to the art of Picasso of femininity is, it seems to me, about as sensible as to believe that

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Shakespeare's sonnets were academic exercises.

It goes without saying that, in his visual art, it is not the ideas, but the connection of ideas that matters. This is equally true of what he writes; just as it is true of what Mallarmé or Eliot write. Picasso is a poet —a modern poet. Peacockians will remember how Mr. Flosky, Peacock's caricature of Coleridge, snubs the pathetic Mr. Listless when he complains that he does not see the connection of his (Mr. Flosky's) ideas: 'I should be sorry if you could; I pity the man who can see the connection of his own ideas. Still more do I pity him the connection of whose ideas any other person can see.' Picasso, on the contrary, is not only willing that you should see the connection of his; he seems to suggest that if you do not, you will miss the full significance of his art.

The task he sets is not simple: happily in *Cahiers d'Art* we find one of those examples, too rarely found in works of æsthetic exegesis, which, themselves easily understood, help us to understand things more difficult. Picasso wrote this line:—

Le cygne sur le lac fait le scorpion à sa manière . . .

A friend asked him what he had in mind. The artist picked up a pen and scribbled on the back of an envelope a swan floating on sleek water which reflects exactly the bird's long sickle-shaped neck. Anyone who will make the experiment for himself will perceive that he has designed the image of a scorpion in the swan's manner.

Let us apply the method here suggested to a more difficult case: '*Le tabac enveloppé en son suaire à côté des deux banderilles roses expire ses dessins modernistes sur le cadavre du cheval sur la cendre écrit sa dernière volonté au feu de son oeil.*' In all humility, with apologies to the author and cautions to those who need them, this I paraphrase thus: 'The tobacco swathed in its winding-sheet, a rose banderilla on either side, dies, and dying writes its "modernistic" drawings on the body of the horse, on the ash writes its last will with the fire of its eye.' This is Picasso's sense, expressed verbally, of what was suggested by a cigarette smouldering to its end in, I surmise, one of those Bon Marché ashtrays with the picture of a horse on the bottom —a tray full of ash and stumps, two of which may have been belipsticked. This is what he saw with imagination's eye. Does it not make us see a still-life by Picasso? And, the words read, the connections grasped, do we not half divine by what strange but controlled processes of imagination the master arrives at some of his beautiful, expressive, patently logical yet barely intelligible combinations of forms?

Whether a visitor to the Zwemmer Gallery will feel inclined to worry himself with speculations of this sort is another matter. Here is so much easy and accessible beauty to be enjoyed for the looking that probably he will not. Here is a delightful and representative exhibition of Picasso's work from 1908, the date of a particularly attractive picture in the cubist manner, to the May of last year, since when he has not painted, unless it be true that he started again a few weeks ago.

The big *Peintre et Modèle* (1934) is for me the *clou* of the show. I doubt whether Picasso ever used paint more deliciously: look at the right-hand top corner, where signature and date are wrought into a pattern that reminds one of a bouquet carried by one of Renoir's young ladies. Indeed, throughout this surprising composition the paint is of an excitement and lyricism unusual with Picasso. *Arlequin*, another big picture, dating from about the end of the war, seems austere by comparison. It is hardly less beautiful. But the other big picture, *Les Deux Femmes*, really needs a larger room in which to be shown.

It is when we are looking at the smaller works, the pen and ink drawings touched in with colored washes, for instance, that we realize the marvelous certainty of the master. Modify in any of these one small patch of watercolor, and the work is changed completely. This Picasso has chosen to demonstrate in a series of etch-

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ings over colored applications, or rather of one etching variously treated, which Mr. Zwemmer holds in reserve. By changing the dominant colored shape—a change which necessitates in strictest logic a new combination of shapes and colors—the artist has created out of a single pattern a series of totally distinct little masterpieces. Picasso, in fact, has brought the mastery of his art to such perfection that the coherence of a design and the imaginative import of a whole work can be made to depend on the placing of a patch; and he knows just where to place it, and he knows just what the effect of his placing, both on design and sentiment, will be.

Of the light and airy series of colored drawings, *Zéphyr* is the most obviously charming: it is a work of fanciful gaiety in which the touch of surprise is given not, as in some, by an unexpected tone, nor yet, as in others, by a convincing deformation, but by a breath of surrealism.

What impresses one most, however, is what impresses most in all exhibitions of Picasso's work that cover a number of years: the inventiveness of the man. If any modern painter has 'exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new,' it is he. His innumerable imitators must lead a breathless life of it.

And this brings me back to where I began: Picasso is one of the most accomplished technicians alive, but the miracle is not what he does with his fingers, but what goes on in his head. It is clear that what he gets out of life is different from what anyone else gets; clearly it is strange, intense, disquieting and various. Because he can externalize some part of his experience—for I feel sure that he has never said all that he has to say—he has affected us all in all sorts of odd ways. He has affected our habits of seeing, still more has he affected our notions about what we see. And that is why anyone who proposes to give an account of the minds that have influenced our age, the minds of Freud and Einstein, of Marx and Pareto, will have to explore the mind of Picasso.

None So Blind

By André Lhote

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris

I WISH the men of letters and the professional thinkers who like to talk about painting would enlighten me upon one exciting subject, which is beyond my understanding. The subject in question is Claude Monet, the dismaying exhibition of whose paintings is at present taking the place of Picasso's at Paul Rosenberg's.

As soon as any three of Monet's canvases are assembled, you feel the same boredom that you have experienced before such paintings as those of the Thames, of the water lilies, of the Rouen Cathedral, and of the hayricks: two of the three leave you indifferent, and the extraordinary qualities of the third make your disappointment seem cruel and inexplicable.

If I were to obey my usual impulse, I should say: 'All this is because Monet had no brains. All he had was a hand, or, rather, an eye commanding an extraordinarily nimble hand. He is just the type of painter the poets and novelists in general like to imagine—they who are so jealous of their intellectual prerogatives that it hurts them to see them bestowed upon a mere artisan. Monet shows clearer than anybody else that the most prodigious gifts may come to nothing if a philosophical mind does not go with them.'

That is what I should write if I were to obey my first impulse. But I could probably express myself to better purpose. The genius whose discoveries have begotten a century of painting—and what a century!—has a right to more thoughtful and generous comment. You feel that you are being guilty and ungrateful if you yawn before the works of a man without whom there would have been no Cézanne, no Renoir, no Seurat, not even Gauguin, in the form in which we know them today—not to mention the *fauves*, Matisse and Bonnard.

As it happens, a canvas by the last

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mentioned painter can now be seen on show in the Bernheim Jeune Galleries—a painting in tones which are the most difficult to handle: cadmiums and violets. It is a dazzling canvas, full of realism (it seems, of the most direct and facile realism: a great splash of sunlight falling on a table standing out of doors, a young woman sitting at it, doing some indeterminate kind of needlework) and poetry—a perfect, admirable painting. In this marvel, there is not a single conjunction of tones that was not foreseen and predetermined in Claude Monet's experience. And yet the Bonnard enchanted and the Monets bored me. Is there not something moving, something to think about, in this downfall of an idol after its prodigious reign?

Of course, I grant that every genius, if he is a painter, cannot grow otherwise than by a profoundly sensual, almost animal, process: that of choosing, from the symphony of natural subjects around him, one, a predominating element to which he pays the most attention, while merely indicating the others. I can conceive that the wholly physical act through which Monet perceived the subtlest color values, ignoring all solid form (to such a degree that he would disintegrate architectural structures of London and Rouen and impart to them a kind of celestial unsubstantiality)—that this process was an exhaustive, tyrannical and intolerant one. I even concede that no set of senses in this world could assimilate with equal intensity both the substance and the impression of any given object, that the prism and the compass are irreconcilable foes (though at one time Seurat brought them, miraculously, together). But what I cannot possibly understand is that this powerful recording machine which was Monet should consistently have recorded only the least plastic, the least ambitious, the least human spectacles, passing anticlimactically from the Vétheuil hills to the hayricks huddled in the misty valleys, from the ridiculous huts on the snowy mountainside to the reflections glimpsed in slumbering waters among shapeless bunches of water lilies.

If it is only a question of accurate stenciling—a superior kind, to be sure, in which there is a natural place for all the poetic thrills—why should the pattern chosen be the most inhuman, the least universal? In his wanderings from the Manche to the Mediterranean this man had come across perfect landscapes, where villages, rivers, woody groves, flocks, peasants, mountains and clouds combined to create an absolute, closed, complete, recapitulatory universe—a universe which, like that of the two great landscape painters Breughel and Poussin, recalls all possible fatherlands, all possible human sufferings and joys. And yet this painter, by reason of his marvelous eye and hand the greatest of the century, disdained these lovely pages, which were already written and only needed to be copied before being put into museums for all eternity: he directed his thoughtless though determined steps to the Giverny Lake, which accordingly became the witness of the terrible, and self-imposed, death of the artist in him. What can be the meaning of this voluntary artistic death, this lamentable rejection of all lyricism and greatness? Is it possible that great inventors exhaust their talents in the creation of a new perspective, leaving to others the task of utilizing their discoveries? Can our era produce only mutilated geniuses?

The question stands before us. Let writers who are aware of the mystery of graphic representation help me to shed some light upon it.

Cézanne at the Orangerie

By Jacques Mathey

Translated from the *Crapouillot*, Paris

IT SEEMS strange that Cézanne was not understood until his declining days, but it is perhaps even stranger that today he is understood by everybody. It is true that in the museum, among the canvases of his

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contemporaries, the yellow and slate-colored mosaics of his famous apples and the grand rose- and blue-colored contours of his *Mont Sainte-Victoire* impress us with their novelty; and our present-day public, absorbed as it is with the personality of the painter, tends to neglect the universal meaning of his language.

If the timid, arrogant, and sulky bourgeois from Aix, who was so downcast at not being received at the Salon de Bouguereau, but so determined not to 'let it get him,' has discovered a hitherto unknown way of expressing nature, still his work lacks that human quality, that, in a sense, literary value which enriches the work of such geniuses of painting as Michelangelo or Delacroix. The expression of a face, the substance of a tree do not interest Cézanne. In this he is at opposite poles from the omniscience of a da Vinci and the masters of the Renaissance. At times his failures and shortcomings are such that, except for painters and collectors, the general public has difficulty in enjoying his work.

The acquaintances who posed for him, and from whom he demanded absolute immobility and silence for interminable sittings, have drooping hands and mouths: their opaque eyes lack that spot of light, that 'open window' through which, in Lenain and Latour, we glimpse the spirit within. Completely absorbed in his color researches, he paints his characters as he would paint a log. His *Gustave Geoffroy* is dull, his *Card Players* fixed upon their cards for all eternity, and his *Jeune Italienne*, which has a Veronese-like movement, is a surprising exception. We have here the spectacle of the great instinct of a pure painter served by an intelligence equipped with blinders.

In his youth Cézanne was attracted by Courbet and Manet; his still lives, painted in a black Spanish mood, overflow with brimming temperament. One may say that this touch was as yet unknown in French painting. Then he followed Pissarro's impressionism. The latter's spots of color become under Cézanne's brush square strokes which are applied on top of one another and give the impression of beautiful enamel. The *Maison du Pendu* brims over with sunny potency. Back at Aix, and isolated from the world, he plunges into an exhausting pursuit: he has the capacity of achieving greatness, but, first and foremost, he devotes himself to a search for 'light and logic.' During his interminable sittings, every brush stroke is the result of long reflection. He is full of theories. He no longer sees lines as anything but conjunctions of colored spots. For that reason his drawings are made of broken lines, of minute, tentative strokes. 'The contours elude me,' he says. He writes to the painter Bernard: 'The color sensations prevent me from following the contours of the object when the points of contact are tenuous and delicate: the result is that my picture is incomplete . . . The planes topple one on top of the other; I am forced to outline my contours with black—a fault which I must fight with all my strength.'

The portrait of Vollard, a total failure, is a good example of the master's sad struggle. It took one-hundred-and-ten sittings, and still Cézanne was pleased only with the rendering of the shirt.

His work has been compared to that of El Greco, whose colors are so unusual. El Greco's art is touched with madness, but his technique is that of a complete painter. He has the ease of the great—because a great spirit guides his hand; his distortions are imposed by logic; he stirs us as much as Cézanne does, but reaches the more distant regions of the heart.

Cézanne had an enormous influence on the painters of the last thirty years—at times a good influence, but bad for those who followed it without discernment. Have I insisted too much upon his imperfections? I see that I have not yet praised the miracles that have come from his brush; but then you can find his praises everywhere.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Wrong End of the Stick

LEFT WINGS OVER EUROPE. *By Wyndham Lewis. London: Jonathan Cape. 1936.*

(Harold Nicolson in the *Daily Telegraph*, London)

I HAVE often wondered why the British public (so patient and so level-headed in most of the problems of life) should be both gullible and impulsive in regard to foreign affairs. In internal matters they instinctively search for the truth (and find it) at a middle point between the extremes of partisan opinion. They grasp the stick firmly by its center, and the name of that center is 'average common sense.' In dealing with foreign affairs they discard common sense; on almost every occasion they get hold of the stick by its wrong end. This nervous habit on their part is much encouraged by some of our intellectuals.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in spite of the abundant energy of his mind, is an intellectual. He is, moreover, a person who dislikes sentimentalism and honestly desires to induce his countrymen to think less incorrectly. The fact that he has an emotional bias in favor of Hitler and Mussolini does not detract from the value of his judgments; it provides him with a point of view. What is so embarrassing about Mr. Lewis is his lack of even average trustfulness; he is quite determined to see and to suggest mysteries where no mysteries exist; he routs after the hidden hand even as the pigs of Périgord (if he will forgive me the analogy) search passionately for truffles: with the result that he not only fails to see the wood for the trees but that, in his passionate subterranean burrowings, he ignores the trees themselves.

Five years ago he wrote a book about Hitler which, although interesting and full of information, was unwise. Today he publishes a study of European affairs which, although breathlessly provocative, is equally liable to give the ordinary reader an inaccurate impression. His book is called *Left Wings over Europe.*

Mr. Lewis's theory, if I interpret it correctly, is as follows. The British public, since the war, have become internationally minded. They imagine, in their innocence, that internationalism, as symbolized by the League of Nations and Collective Security, means peace. They are misguided in this assumption. The League of Nations, if I understand Mr. Lewis rightly, is a centralized, all-powerful internationalist oligarchy which is at present being used by Mr. Litvinov in order to make Europe safe for Communism. The British public and their Government, in abandoning the old theory of decentralized sovereign States, are losing control of their own destinies. Unless we at once repudiate internationalism, we shall be led by Moscow and Geneva to encircle Germany and Italy and thus to provoke a second European war.

Now this, as I said, is a point of view. As a corrective to vague optimism it may even be a suggestive point of view. But if such an argument is to convince any reasonable person it should be handled calmly, persuasively and simply. Mr. Lewis is never calm; he is vociferous rather than persuasive; and the intricacy of his reasoning will entangle even the most alert and patient reader. I cannot understand, moreover, what type of audience Mr. Lewis has in mind. The ordinary reader would be lost from the outset in the cataract of his insinuations; the informed reader will observe from the outset that many of these insinuations are fantastically untrue. His knowledge will alarm the amateur, whereas the expert will be alienated by his ignorance. Mr. Lewis, to that extent, falls resoundingly between two stools.

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The fundamental error which Mr. Lewis commits is that he under-estimates the part played by 'principle' in foreign policy and over-estimates the part played by 'intention.' It seems never to occur to him, for instance, that the sanctity of international treaties is a 'principle' and that in certain circumstances this principle determines policy. In thus ignoring one of the main causes of policy he concentrates too exclusively upon its results; and since the results of policy are by themselves often inexplicable, he seeks for such explanations in hidden motives or intentions.

Let me take an instance of this strange process of reasoning. Mr. Lewis examines the Abyssinian question. He starts by making the flesh creep. 'We have,' he writes, 'undoubtedly entered a very dark epoch in the history of international diplomacy. Abyssinia is not the only mystery.' He then proceeds to find a 'key' to the mystery. Is it oil? Is it Lake Tana? Is it the Eastern Mediterranean? He decides that it is none of these things. Is it principle? 'The purely moralistic aspect of the dispute,' he writes, '. . . can be dismissed from our minds.' Is it national egoism in any form? Again Mr. Lewis answers in the negative. 'The British Government may,' he writes, 'be acquitted absolutely of having had in mind the selfish (the national) interest of England.' What, then, is the key to the mystery? Mr. Lewis is determined to 'tear aside the veil.' And what, when he has rent this covering, is his surprising disclosure? It is that our Abyssinian policy was 'a dress rehearsal for the world war;' in other words, we were delivering a preliminary attack on Hitler through Rome.

This is an admirable example of the false conclusions which even honest and intelligent people can reach when they search for the recondite. There is in fact no 'mystery' about our Abyssinian policy or its failure. We are a pacifist but very vulnerable Empire having no desire for aggression but deeply preoccupied with defense. We believed that under the League of Nations system we could achieve collective security without placing too great a burden in terms of armament and self-sacrifice upon our own people. We wished, in other words, to establish the rule of law as embodied in the Covenant. That Covenant was flagrantly defied by Italy, and we endeavored to enforce it. We failed to do so, partly owing to our own aerial and naval weakness, partly owing to French hesitations, but mainly owing to the unexpectedly rapid success of the Italian armies. Had we succeeded, the authority of the League would have been much enhanced and to that extent it could have acted as a deterrent to all aggression, including the possible aggression of Germany. As we failed, we must take stock of the whole situation and revise our bases of security. Surely there can be no 'mystery' in so simple a process of trial and error?

Mr. Lewis, none the less, is convinced that Mr. Baldwin is 'darkly conspiring with France and Russia' against poor, weak, innocent Germany. I should ask him this question: 'Is there anything which Germany possesses which any other Power desires to take from her?' And this question: 'Is there anything which other Powers possess which Germany today wishes to acquire?' The answer to the first question must be 'No,' and to the second question 'Yes.' Mr. Lewis himself excludes from our argument any 'moralistic' motives such as fair treatment or conciliation. Therefore, why should he seek for a 'conspiracy' in the perfectly natural (although perhaps uncivilized) desire of the defensive countries to protect themselves against the aggressive countries?

Mr. Lewis, in this provocative book, rushes about breathlessly dragging red herrings across the path of reason. But if we are to reach enlightenment, we must avoid grubbing in the dark for mysteries. The simple and obvious elements of our problem are in themselves formidable

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enough. Let us not complicate the great task of authority, conciliation, and order by seeking for mysteries or hidden hands.

Race, Spirit and Soul

Rasse, Geist und Seele. *Von Dr. phil. et med. Lothar Gottlieb Tirala. Munich: T. F. Lehmanns Verlag. 1936.*

(Aldous Huxley in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

IT IS easy to laugh at Nazi books about the Nordic race. Indeed it is often impossible not to laugh; for they contain passages funnier than anything that has appeared in German since Wilhelm Busch wrote *Die fromme Helene*. It is easy, I repeat, to laugh. It is also easy to yawn. For, alas! all is not comedy in this voluminous literature. Much of it, on the contrary, is intolerably tedious. The ludicrous passages are like the longed-for raisins in a vast suet pudding of pseudo-philosophic 'profundity.' But, comic or dull, these Nazi books on race deserve to be taken most seriously and read with scrupulous care. They are probably the most dangerously significant books being written at the present time.

Professor Tirala's *Rasse, Geist und Seele* is a recent specimen of this literature. Compared with some which have appeared in recent years, the book is almost sober. The Professor expresses himself, if not exactly like a man of science, at least like a not too intemperate theologian. By not protesting too extravagantly much he increases the persuasiveness of what he says.

Here is the grand biological generalization on which the whole argument of his book, and indeed the whole Nazi theory of race, is based. It is 'a well-grounded view that it is highly probable that different human races originated independently of one another and that they evolved out of different species of ape-men. The so-called main races of mankind are not races, but species.'

Unfortunately, these species have failed to keep themselves pure. But Nature, it would seem, always 'makes an effort, after the mixing of two races, to revert to the dominant tendencies of each.' She also does her best to eliminate all those individuals who lack racial unity. Hence 'the strong tendency to suicide of Jewish-Aryan bastards.' (One might have supposed that, in modern Germany, there were other, less mystical reasons for this idiosyncrasy.) 'The purity of a people's race must not be sought only in the past; it is also a task for the future.' It is the duty of a race-conscious Government to get rid of the racial impurities existing among its subjects.

How the process of race purification should be carried out is not described in any detail. Animal breeders know of only one way of purifying a mixed race (and Professor Tirala sadly admits that the Nordic race *is* mixed). Brothers and sisters must be mated. Those pairs possessing latent defects or traces of alien blood will tend to produce children of defective or alien type. Such children must either be killed or sterilized and only those who seem to belong to the pure stock allowed to propagate. If the Germans really want to become pure Nordics, they must systematically practice incest, infanticide and castration. In ten or twenty generations they should see some interesting results.

From the general and biological we pass to the particular and the sociological. Speaking of crime, Professor Tirala affirms that 'seventy per cent of all punished criminals are incapable of improvement.' This is due to the fact that most criminals belong to non-Nordic stocks. 'The more purely Teutonic (*reinrassig-germanisch*) a stock, the rarer the criminal.' (It is regrettable that the author should give no definition of crime. Among peoples of *reinrassig-germanisch* descent the murdering of political rivals and the systematic oppression of defenseless minorities are presumably non-criminal activities.)

From crime we pass to law. 'Equal rights and equal views of the law exist

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just as little as do equal peoples and races.' Law is defined as 'the inborn rule of the ordered attitude of the members of a people (*Volksgenossen*) towards one another and towards their own State.'

'In this definition,' writes Professor Tirala, 'I have expressly avoided all thought of international law and legal relations with foreigners; for by derivation law is valid only among the members of a people. It is only later that the law of foreigners and of nations develops. Law has a high biological duty, a purpose which lies beyond the law itself; and this highest purpose is the strengthening of the people and of everything that will advance its life.' The Professor concludes his discussion of law with these words: 'We shall reject the law of international chaos and win again race-biological, deepened, German-Teutonic law (*das rassenbiologisch vertiefte deutsch-germanische Recht*).'

In the section on science Professor Tirala speaks of the 'remarkable attempt of Einstein and his Viennese Circle to destroy the clarity of Nordic thought by a surfeit of mathematics and to undermine the simple foundations of our thought. . . . I need hardly say that this attempt will come to nothing; for not a single significant scientific discovery has come from this Circle.' As Einstein's Viennese Circle is composed of Jews, this is only natural. For 'science is a mode of thought invented and built up by men of Nordic race.'

WE COME next to philosophy. 'Liberalistic thinkers' used to try to persuade us 'that philosophy, ethics, religion and *Weltanschauung* were the product of universal reason. This is a great and decisive error; for it supposes that 1. all men are equal in structure and in the constitution of their reason and 2. that *Weltanschauung* derives from understanding and reason.' Whereas 'the voice of blood and race operates down to the last refinements of thought and exercises a decisive influence on the direction of thought.'

Professor Tirala's ethic, like that of all extreme nationalists and race-ists, is based on the axiom that the real is the ideal—that what ought to be is merely that which is, only a bit more so. Passions and prejudices notoriously prevent men from thinking clearly and acting justly. For the last two or three thousand years moralists and philosophers have told us that we ought to make efforts to overcome our passions and discount our prejudices. Modern nationalists are of an opposite opinion. The attempt to replace passion and prejudice by reason is absurd and even wicked; for each nation's passions and prejudices are in reality its own peculiar brand of reason. In this matter all nationalists are followers of Hegel, whose doctrine that the historical is the rational is (as Dr. Albert Schweitzer insisted in last year's Hibbert Lectures) completely subversive of any system of comprehensive or comprehensible ethics.

Dr. Goebbels is content to say that 'a Jew for me is an object of physical disgust. Christ cannot possibly have been a Jew. I do not have to prove that scientifically. It is a fact.' Officially, however, the Nazi transvaluation of ethical and social values is supposed to rest on something solider than a visceral intuition. Science, it is alleged, demonstrates the primary importance of 'blood' and can prove the superiority of the Nordic race. Indirectly, therefore, science justifies Nordic politicians in their persecution of Jews and affirms that Nordic philosophers are right to think with their guts rather than with their intellect. Nazism is a religion that purports to be based on scientifically established facts.

This being so, it is the business of scientists to examine its claims. And in fact many individual scientists have undertaken such an examination. But individuals, however distinguished, can be ignored. Besides, the questions raised by Nazi claims are so numerous that no single

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man can adequately deal with all of them. The problem of race is as much a problem for historians and psychologists as for geneticists. Anything like a definite and authoritative solution of it must be co-operative.

Also, to carry conviction, it should be official and international. The race theory claims to be scientific. It is surely, then, the business of science, as organized in the universities, academies and learned societies of the civilized world, to investigate this claim.

The Master of Balliol Turns the Tables

From Hegel to Marx. *By Sidney Hook. London: Gollancz. 1936.*

(A. D. Lindsay in the *Observer*, London)

PROFESSOR Sidney Hook is the author of a book, *Toward the Understanding of Karl Marx*, which, as the quotation from Professor Laski printed on the jacket of this volume quite rightly says, is the best introduction of Marxism now available in English.

That is one reason for welcoming another book on Marx by the same author. Further, this new book sets out to do something that badly wanted doing—to show the steps by which Marx, from being a Hegelian, became a Marxian, and, in his own words, turned the philosophy of Hegel 'right side up.'

It is an odd story, not at all exclusively concerned with Socialism. The Hegelian Left engaged the orthodoxy of Hegel all along the line. Who would expect to find in a book on Marx an account of the theories of the 'Tübingen' school on the synoptic problem, or of Strauss's *Life of Jesus?* Professor Hook has read all these people, Strauss, Bauer, Ruge, Stirner, Hess, and Feuerbach, and Marx's continuing controversy with them. He shows how Marxism was gradually shaped in this controversy as Marx dealt faithfully with 'right hand defections and left hand extremes.' That undoubtedly does help to the understanding of Marxism.

Nevertheless, I found the book disappointing. That is not altogether Professor Hook's fault. The more I read about them the more I get the impression that these Hegelians of the Left did not really, as thinkers, amount to much. No doubt, if you start by assuming that the philosophy of Karl Marx was the last word of human wisdom, then those who contributed to producing that last word are of great importance. You will then rewrite the history of philosophy and put the Hegelians of the Left in the place now occupied by Schopenhauer.

I may as well confess that though I think that Karl Marx was a great man, I do not think he was a great philosopher. I can't think, after reading Professor Hook, that Marx was really interested in philosophic questions at all, except in so far as they were good or bad sticks with which to beat bourgeois dogs. In the sad certainty of being accused of the unspeakable crime of 'patronizing Karl Marx,' I am forced to suspect, as a result of reading Professor Hook, that these Hegelians of the Left, including Karl Marx, did not understand Hegel. They understood well enough that he was a disgraceful old reactionary and that he had to be fought, and they tried with considerable success to fight him with his own weapons. But that is not the same thing as understanding his philosophy.

But my real quarrel with Professor Hook goes deeper than a quarrel about the intrinsic importance of those people. He says quite rightly that we can only understand why Karl Marx said some of the things he does say when we understand whom he was fighting and why he was fighting them. He explains very interestingly that Marx's criterion for a philosophy which he was prepared to accept was that it must be a genuinely revolutionary doctrine. 'The purpose of his own social theories was to provide that knowledge of social tendencies which

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would most effectively liberate revolutionary action.' Marx seems all through to have asked himself what must men believe if they are going to be prepared to make a revolution. He wanted a doctrine simple, downright, and without qualifications.

I am sure that historically Professor Hook is quite right in showing why on this general principle Marx had no use for Kant, why he had to turn Hegel upside down, why he quarreled with the various Hegelians of the Left. These philosophies he rejected would not do as fighting creeds for the proletariat.

But whereas most people would say that this explained why so great a man as Karl Marx should fall into such error, Professor Hook seems to hold, and, indeed, argues the point, that the fact that this philosophy was produced under such conditions and with such motives is a ground in itself for supposing it to be true. Most people would hold the opposite, would say that if you want a doctrine to work for practical political purposes, it must have a mixture of error, or myth, or propaganda in it. It must usually, of course, have some support in reality, but it can have nothing to do with the 'nicely calculated.' It has to be far simpler than the facts. But the Marxian cannot accept the distinction thus implied between Marx as an apocalyptic prophet and Marx as the scientific historian or economist. The Marxians have always wanted to have it both ways, to maintain that Marxianism is both an effective revolutionary doctrine and scientific truth. But they have to deal, as Professor Hook allows, with this simple logical difficulty. Marx discredited previous philosophies by maintaining that they were the ideological reflection of social circumstances. But if this theory is universally true, and the Marxian argument implies that it is, then Marxianism is itself the ideological reflection of social circumstances and equally discredited. What is more to the point—the Marxian doctrine that philosophic doctrines are the ideological reflection of social circumstances—is itself only an ideological reflection of social circumstances and itself discredited.

If the Marxian is to hold consistently to this 'ideological reflection' theory, he must agree that all this vast output of Marxian controversial literature is only an elaborate way of putting out the tongue and saying 'Ba! you're a bourgeois,' and the only answer to it is, obviously, 'Ba! You're a proletarian.' As arguments, one is as good as another because the whole point of the theory is that arguments are not to be considered as arguments, only, I suppose, as mutual objurgations preliminary to fighting in the manner traditionally ascribed to Chinese warriors.

Karl Marx himself, as Professor Hook notices, did not act up to his own theory. He remained enough of a philosopher to argue against his opponents' theories and in defense of his own on rational grounds, by appeal to history and reason. But, says Professor Hook, 'the grounds on which Marx rejected alternative theories are not always strictly logical, particularly where a normative point of view, that is, the affirmation of a value judgment, is concerned.' The Professor goes on to explain that Marx developed a highly superior theory of truth which 'transcends the coherence and the correspondence theories.' When we have this wonderful doctrine expounded to us, it appears as a form of higher pragmatism, which says that the objective truth of a social theory depends upon the success of men in realizing it. Professor Hook quotes a thesis of Marx's in his controversy with Feuerbach: 'The question whether human thought can achieve objective truth is not a question of theory but a practical question. In practice man must prove the truth, *i.e.*, the reality, power, and this-sidedness of his thought. The dispute concerning the reality or unreality of thought—which is isolated from practice—is a purely scholastic question.'

He admits that Marx did not work out

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all the implications of this new theory of truth, but he clearly regards it as of great importance, and he seems to imply that it provides a higher justification of Marx's peculiar method.

The ordinary view of Marx is that he was a remarkable combination of scientific intelligence and revolutionary passion, that he permitted, sometimes deliberately, his revolutionary passion to pervert his scientific mind, and that we therefore may expect to find a good deal of exaggeration and over-simplification in what he has to say. Professor Hook seems to hold that, once we grasp this new theory of the nature of truth, we shall abandon such prejudices, and see that to hold a theory because it will be effective in action is in the highest degree scientific.

I have done my best to understand this new revelation, but I cannot see that it is anything but a mixture of muddled thinking and pretentious nonsense. It builds on the fact that in the natural sciences you start with an hypothesis which you can test in experiment—that is, in action. Your theory may therefore be described as directed towards action. It is only proved true or false in the action—that is, in the experiment. This is applied confusedly to social theories. You start with a theory, say about classes, and seek to change the conditions so as to make it true. But the basic assumption of the scientific process is that though, of course, in experiment you change something, you do not alter the facts which your hypothesis declared to be so-and-so. You seek by experiment to prove that your hypothesis is and has always been true. This new doctrine suggests that you lay down an hypothesis which is not true when you make it, which you proceed to make true by changing the facts.

It would appear from this to follow that if, in order to produce revolutionary action, say against the Jews, you accuse Jews of horrible atrocities and thereby make men hate them, you thus scientifically prove that they are hateful; that if you go on, still in the interest of scientific truth, to torture them in concentration camps till they are maddened by persecution, that proves that you were justified in calling them mad. This is an old story. '*Cet animal est bien méchant: quand on l'attaque, il se défend.*'

I choose this example deliberately because it seems to me that what is sauce for the Marxian goose is also sauce for the Nazi gander, and that if Professor Hook would consider his theory as it is exemplified in Hitler rather than as it is exemplified in Marx, he would like it less, and he might be reminded that in this present evil world lies are often as powerful as truth and yet remain lies.

When we confuse realization of vision with unveiling of truth the confusion is dangerous. For good visions and bad visions both may be realized. Their value and their relation and truth must be tested otherwise than by our power of giving them effect.

[*Sidney Hook's* From Hegel to Marx *will be published in the United States by The John Day Company, New York.*]

Mr. Huxley Among the Philistines

Eyeless in Gaza. *By Aldous Huxley. London: Chatto and Windus. 1936.*

(John Sparrow in the *Spectator*, London)

TWO things are remarkable in Mr. Huxley's new book: the method and the moral. The method is what first strikes the reader with surprise; the time-scheme is confused in a bewildering fashion; for ten pages we are in 1933, then for half-a-dozen in 1902; thence we jump to 1926; after twenty pages we find ourselves in 1912, and a little later we are back where we started.

'The cinema,' say Mr. Huxley's publishers, 'has accustomed people to the use of similar methods.' The cinema, it

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is true, telescopes, it omits, it speeds time up and slows it down, and gives a bird's-eye view, as it were, of simultaneous happenings—but it does not turn topsy-turvy the series of events in time, as does Mr. Huxley in this book. The only machine that does that is the human mind, in its efforts to remember and in its subconscious re-creation of the past.

Mr. Huxley has not used a psychological method of presentment; he writes as an impersonal narrator, recording from outside the happening of events. The result is a book which is at a first reading considerably more puzzling than *The Waves*, and irritating as *The Waves* is not, because the feature which causes the difficulty has no obvious artistic justification. So skilfully, however, has Mr. Huxley used his method that, as one reads on, one instinctively recognizes and coördinates these different strata, and on a second reading everything falls more or less naturally into its place. In this respect, the book is a *tour de force:* the thing is done so well that really it is almost as satisfactory as if it had not been done at all.

The method, none the less, has its advantages. Indeed, something of the sort is necessitated by the absence of a continuous plot and by the nature of the task which Mr. Huxley has set himself. For his aim is not to tell a story; it is to preach a sermon. And his collection of snapshots of the pre-War and the post-War world is presented to us simply in order to make that sermon more effective. We do not feel that interest which attaches to events which play their part in the development or the interplay of character. Mr. Huxley simply takes a piece of the life lived by his chief figures at their private school in 1902, cuts it into slices, and scatters it through the book, interlarded with slices from their lives in 1912–14, in 1926, in 1933. Each of these slices indicates the squalor of the treadmill to which the hero, Anthony Beavis, and his contemporaries are condemned.

Mr. Huxley is an adept at this kind of picture, and we do not wonder at the impulse which finally drives Anthony away from the London world made familiar to us in *Point Counter Point* and *Antic Hay*, to Mexico. It is in Mexico that he meets Dr. Miller; and Dr. Miller is in some ways the most important figure in the book. It is Dr. Miller who introduces the moral; and the moral is the other remarkable thing about *Eyeless in Gaza*.

Not that it is remarkable that a novel of Mr. Huxley's should contain a moral; it would be a much stranger thing if it did not. For Mr. Huxley is at heart a Puritan, and in almost every book that he has written it has become more evident that his fundamental purpose as an artist is satiric. But his satire hitherto has been conveyed mainly by means of the reflections of some detached, some balanced, intellectual, who does not commit himself doctrinally any further than is involved by putting a record on the gramophone and declaring, amid the hopeless and aimless debauchery of his contemporaries, his faith in the Seventh Symphony.

Now Mr. Huxley has discovered that the serene temples of the intellect, from which he used to look down smiling, not without pity, upon the blind and desperate struggles of humanity, are open themselves to a most insidious assault. For there has broken out, as is well known, among the intellectuals of today, as there did among their mid-nineteenth century predecessors, a serious epidemic of religious doubt. History is beginning to repeat itself, with the difference that our intellectuals are discovering that they have found, not lost, their faith. In *Eyeless in Gaza* Mr. Huxley for the first time frankly abandons a detached and intellectual standpoint: Dr. Miller preaches the Way and the Life; Anthony Beavis is his evangelist. Their Gospel does not fit exactly into the dogmas of any recognized religion: it is compounded of a little Christianity, a good deal of Buddhism, no butcher's meat, a minimum of eggs, and Love.

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Love gains, but force subdues. 'That sallow skin,' says Dr. Miller, 'and the irony, the scepticism, the what's the good of it all attitude! Negative, really. Everything you think is negative . . . How can you expect to think in anything but a negative way, when you've got chronic intestinal poisoning?' As for prayer, Dr. Miller has never really liked it: 'I've observed it clinically,' he says, 'and it seems to have much the same effect upon people as butcher's meat. Prayer makes you more yourself, more separate. Just as a rumpsteak does.' Self is the enemy, for it leads to hatred, to division, and to war.

So Anthony becomes an Active Pacifist, and we leave him at the end of the book (at the end, according to the time-series; according to the page-series, throughout it) going up and down the country addressing Dr. Miller's meetings, preaching against Fascism and Communism, against hatred and butcher's meat; in favor of love, and compassion, and a proper diet, and, above all, unity: 'Unity beyond the turmoil of separations and divisions. Goodness beyond the possibility of evil.' In these passages from Mr. Huxley's book there is no trace of irony; no touch of the 'distaste, the intellectual scorn' which his hero reprehends, and it appears that the writer himself is speaking.

It is in the moral, therefore, that the explanation of the method is to be sought. The topsy-turvy jumble of pictures reflects the shapelessness, the aimlessness of a life which Dr. Miller has not sanctified with purpose, while the pictures themselves are made horrible in order to show the true nature of the hell from which Dr. Miller offers us deliverance.

Indeed, the horror of Mr. Huxley's descriptive passages deserves to be recorded as the third remarkable feature of the book. There is a serious danger that *Eyeless in Gaza* may fail in its evangelistic aim because those of its readers who have not the very strongest stomachs will put it aside in disgust before they realize the seriousness of its purpose. 'Writing is dirty work,' as a distinguished contemporary writer has assured us; and Mr. Huxley himself in this book reminds us of the adage that a dirty mind is a perpetual feast. There are those who after reading a very little of this book may be inclined to exclaim that Mr. Huxley knows his job, and that enough is to them as good as that particular kind of feast; for the glimpses which Mr. Huxley affords, with that suggestiveness of imagery and significance of detail of which he is a master, into the private school, the public lavatory, the concentration camp, and into many a bedroom, are an advance (if that is the right word) on anything that he has done before. But they are all in a good cause, for they serve to point the more vividly Dr. Miller's moral.

At the moment, then, it seems that Dr. Miller (true to his doctrine of unity and the avoidance of all hatred) has persuaded Mr. Huxley that the best way to vanquish the Philistines is to join them, and he and Mr. Huxley are safe together in a region where they cannot be touched by the intellectual scorn of Mr. Huxley's own earlier books. One is left regretting that Dr. Miller and Mr. Cardan can never meet—and wondering where Dr. Miller will next lead the author of his being.

[*Aldous Huxley's* Eyeless in Gaza *has been published in the United States by Harper and Brothers, New York.*]

Bread and Wine

Brot und Wein. *By Ignazio Silone. Translated by Adolf Saagers. Zurich: Verlag Oprecht. 1936.*

(Leo Lania in the *Neues Tagebuch*, Paris)

NO NOVEL, no poem, no drama of value has penetrated beyond the Italian borders during the fourteen-year-old era of Fascism. Translations from the Italian are no longer in demand. Marinetti, exponent of a childish futurism, and Pitigrilli, the mouthpiece of superficial boulevard erotics, have taken the place of

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Gracia Deledda. Even D'Annunzio has become silent and old Pirandello is living on the remnants of his former celebrity.

Today the sole Italian writer of international rank is Ignazio Silone, a revolutionary emigrant. His first novel, *Fontemara*, has been translated into twenty languages and has had a well-deserved success throughout the world. Now a new work by Silone has been published entitled *Bread and Wine*.

Bread and Wine is less a novel than a report, less the formulation of a problem than a travel book. An anti-Fascist emigrant, Pietro Spina, returns to his homeland after many years of exile. Disguised as a priest, he lives in the Abruzzi and in Rome under the name of Don Paolo Spada. He meets his childhood companions and teacher and settles down in a secluded, solitary mountain village, there to rebuild among the *Cafoni*, the poor peasants, and the city workers the shattered fragments of the Socialist party organization.

Silone tells about the unbelievable difficulties and dangers of this illegal work; he describes how the peasants, the officials, the teachers, the workers and intellectuals think and act. He lets them talk; and from dozens of individual destinies and hundreds of remarks there evolves a comprehensive and plastic picture of present-day Italy. With a few strokes the author delineates men and situations. The way he maintains the objective tone of the report is brilliant, and his gift of observation admirable. Moreover he has a sense of humor all his own, a bitter humor which tempers his scorn and indignation with a deep sense of sympathy and compassion.

Fontemara was more rounded in composition. In the new novel Silone neglects the plot. He does not build up his story; it is but the thread on which he loosely strings episodes and encounters. Thus the hero remains colorless: his character does not develop. The secondary figures stand out much more vividly. But this fault is counter-balanced by the journalistic merits of the book. From first page to last one never gets the impression that a single detail, a single conversation has been invented.

The highlight of the work is the chapter which describes the mobilization festivity in the small Abruzzi village. Here all Silone's talents are found together. The report assumes artistic dimensions: a ghostlike vision of the superstition and the hysteria of masses intoxicated by propaganda. In their realism, these pages remind one of the best chapters in Zola's novels, in their color of the unforgettable pilgrimage scenes in D'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death*.

In contrast to the German writers who are trying to give creative form to the Third Reich, Silone has the advantage that his 'new' Italy is already fifteen years old. Not only does he himself gain a proper perspective of the happenings he describes, but the reader is placed in a purer, more intellectual relation to the work than is possible with books which treat analogous German problems and which, so to say, are still too much concerned with daily politics. Silone has taken advantage of this fact and has thus created a book which, despite its timeliness, is ageless.

Julian Green, American

MINUIT. *By Julian Green. Paris: Plon. 1936.*

(Marcel Arland in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

IN HIS latest novels, Julian Green has refined his work instead of enlarging its scope. Hence the resistance with which it meets—less, however, among the general public than among the critics. It should be recognized that, essentially, the task Mr. Green sets himself is not to paint provincial customs nor to develop a psychological conflict, nor even to write a careful character study. The world he conjures up may seem strange; his plots,

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slow and brusque, patiently woven and suddenly flippantly dismissed, would not in themselves satisfy a reader; it is hard to remember his characters. But the secret of his books, their meaning, lie in their strange world vision, their poetic atmosphere—for Julian Green is a poet.

The very first pages of *Midnight* create the atmosphere for you. On a winter evening a carriage is rolling along between plowed fields, breasting an icy wind. A broad, stubborn back is all that can be seen of the driver. There are two women in the carriage; one is bitter, exasperated, ridiculous. The other, a young woman, leaves the carriage and ascends the hill; a train passes in the valley; she waves her handkerchief and, receiving no response, kills herself. Who are these characters? They are the only characters in his books; the supernumerary, indifferent and blind, a fit instrument of doom; the monstrous puppet, half-comical, half-odious, signifying meanness, jealousy, cruelty, stupidity; and finally the heroine—dream and passion, gentleness and fatal infatuation. And what is the meaning of these fields, this winter night, the mould in which all of Mr. Green's characters are imprisoned, in which they stifle, and from which they cannot escape except by imagination or murder, this journey across the bog and swamp, the handkerchief whipping in the wind, the plunging knife? What but the hallucination to which all of Mr. Green's dramas revert again and again?

The dead woman leaves a daughter behind her. We see this child, Elizabeth, with her three aunts, three grotesque figures, as sinister as Mr. Green could make them. It is a winter night, icy beneath a brilliant moon; the dead woman lies in her room; the child, beside one of her aunts, cannot sleep; she runs away, wanders through the city, and finally attaches herself to the first person she meets, who adopts her. This is the first episode. The second moves even more swiftly: a few years later, at twilight, Elizabeth hears a knife-grinder's song in the dusk and again runs away to follow it.

If by this time the reader has been expecting Mr. Green to hesitate before baffling him completely, he will be disappointed when he comes to the third episode. Here both the scenery and the characters become unreal. Perhaps that is an exaggeration; as a matter of fact, everything here is logical, consistent, described in detail—but in a peculiar fashion as if in a half-dream. Everything seems to hover on the margin of reality, to hint at a more profound reality.

This *Midnight*, with its pallid shadows, has a funereal aspect which is one of Mr. Green's most typical characteristics. Its counterpart can be perhaps found today only in certain English novels, like Lewis's *The Monk*. Of purer lines and finer grain than these, *Midnight* resembles them in that it has a sense of cruelty which is almost always latent but which once or twice breaks through the surface, mixed with a kind of 'angelic' eroticism.

This sense of cruelty is apparent, too, in the ferocity with which Mr. Green forces his characters to the very limits of their endurance. They are always victims, whether they submit to a doom which they themselves do not understand or invite and anticipate it. Behind their actions, throughout their adventures, they seem in the uttermost depths of their souls to be torn between the horror and the fascination of their fate.

These 'secret places of the heart' are Mr. Green's domain. Like a true poet he evokes a hidden, mysterious life, not precisely because he likes the calm and silence of it, but because he can thus conjure up its enchantments, its terrors, its temptations, and those figures which are solemnly grouped around the most mysterious of them all, one of whose many names is death.

[*Julian Green's* Minuit *will be published in the United States by Harper and Brothers, New York.*]

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

WORLD POLITICS AND PERSONAL INSECURITY. *By Harold D. Lasswell. New York: Whittlesey House. 1935. 307 pages. $3.00.*

PROPAGANDA: ITS PSYCHOLOGY AND TECHNIQUE. *By Leonard W. Doob. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1935. 424 pages. $3.00.*

PROPAGANDA AND THE NEWS OR WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO? *By Will Irwin. New York: Whittlesey House. 1936. 325 pages. $2.75.*

BRITISH PROPAGANDA AT HOME AND IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1914 TO 1917. *By James Duane Squires. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. (Harvard Historical Monographs, VI.) 1935. 113 pages. $1.00.*

PROPAGANDA AND PROMOTIONAL ACTIVITIES: AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY. *By Harold D. Lasswell, Ralph D. Casey and Bruce Lannes Smith. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 1935. 450 pages. $3.50.*

ALTHOUGH the most ambitious attempt in recent times to work out a systematic philosophy of propaganda, Lasswell's latest treatise is certain to prove a disappointment to professional students of world affairs, who have long esteemed him as the outstanding authority on the rôle of symbolic and psychological factors in politics. Departing sharply from the customary manner of studies on propaganda, Lasswell faces the future rather than the past. He works in the spirit of a 'political psychiatrist' interested mainly in the therapy of those social and personal anxieties which are generated by maladjustments in the economic substructure. Propaganda, or 'the manipulation of collective attitudes through symbols,' is understood to be a necessary outgrowth of social conflict and an indispensable weapon in political action.

Lasswell views the movement of history as a succession of revolutionary waves which are quickly confined to their place of origin through the failure of the innovation to take root in other countries or the violent rejection of the new pattern by older established groups. Communism and Italian and German Fascism represent to him the rise to power of different strata of the petty bourgeoisie at the expense of the aristocracy and plutocracy: the former being the emergence of a skilled 'élite' composed of renegades from the older middle class elements and accessions from the proletariat, 'who learn how to elude toil by cultivating oratorical skill, literary ability, and administrative technique;' the latter two, the assertion of the established middle class group's unwillingness to defer to a middle class 'élite' of proletarian origin or affiliation.

There is still time on this side of the Atlantic to head off the tragic consequences of this split in the middle class. The recourse to violence and Fascism can be avoided in America if the petty bourgeoisie (Lasswell prefers the phrase 'middle-income skill group' for purposes of propaganda) can be effectively stimulated to self-consciousness and made to unite about a 'consistent policy, a rallying name, and an invigorating myth of its historic mission.' To help this movement to fruition, Lasswell works out a neat symbolism and a skeleton political program ('ruthless use of income tax to eliminate incomes above a modest figure; separation of deposit from the investing function by the elimination of commercial banking; non-inflationary monetary policy by the Government.').

Although Lasswell pays effusive lip service to Marx, he fails completely to appreciate the full force of that thinker's analysis of capitalism and the class struggle. Some of his confusions stem from his too facile acceptance of the more recent concept of the 'élite,' popularized by Pareto and numerous Fascist theoreticians, which shifts the emphasis from the mode and social relations of production to a shadowy schema of strife for 'safety, income, and deference.' Nor does he offer adequate justification for the application of the psychiatric method to politics as against alternative approaches. Why center the interest on ineffective hygiene of anxieties and neuroses, rather than on mass poverty, ignorance, disease, economic slavery? Why not stress the contradictions of the economic set-up, its lack of efficiency as a going concern, the debauchery of equity, art, science, indeed of all culture, which is inevitable in capitalist society?

In short, the book is an over-elaborate hodge-podge of brilliant insights, astute scientific analysis, and eccentric vagary, verging on fantasy in the analysis of recent drifts and the formulation of positive political goals.

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Doob's volume is more pedestrian and sober. His orientation is that of the victim rather than the actor in the present and future battle of words and appeals. His hope is that his discussion of the psychology and technique of propaganda will enable people to see through much propaganda, particularly the propaganda of Fascism, which he believes to be imminent in America. He lays down eight principles of propaganda, providing ample illustrations from current materials. He concludes by asking what propaganda we ought to accept and act upon, offering admittedly nebulous suggestions about the need of consulting experts, from whom alone we may obtain a rational scheme of values for society.

Irwin's book is an interesting example of what Doob calls 'concealed propaganda,' a subtle plea for Herbert Hoover in the guise of a chatty history of the evolution of the press, publicity, radio, and the New Deal. It is amusing to see such an old hand at propaganda seriously professing to be troubled by the possible throttling of free speech in America, and the threatened suspension of the First Amendment, 'still the Palladium of our Liberties.' The activities of Wellington House, an important but little known branch of the British propaganda machine in the World War, are carefully traced in Squires' useful dissertation, while the bibliography by Lasswell and associates covers almost every conceivable facet of the subject of propaganda. It is in more than one sense the best contribution to the study of this problem that has so far been made in America.

—Benjamin N. Nelson

Parnell's Faithful Few. *By Margaret Leamy. With a Preface by Thomas F. Woodlock. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 235 pages. $2.50.*

THE second half of the nineteenth century produced no more interesting figure in European statecraft than Charles Stewart Parnell, the uncrowned king of Ireland. As romantic as any of the ancient heroes of the Gael, he completely captured the imagination of the people of Ireland. Had he succeeded in settling the Ulster question there would have been no Irish problem to bedevil England as she entered into the critical period of her naval race with Germany. He failed only because, at the moment when he grasped victory in his hands, the people of Ireland turned against him. The cause of this sudden shift in public sentiment in Ireland was the scandal of his relationship with Mrs. O'Shea, the daughter of an English clergyman, Sir John Page Wood.

The changed *mores* of our day make it difficult for us to believe in the immorality of a man who falls in love with a woman who has for many years been brutally ill-treated and neglected by her husband. But other British statesmen felt the stigma of a divorce proceeding in those high days of Victoria's reign, notably Sir Charles Dilke, and were forced to retire, only to return to public life after the storm had blown over. Unfortunately for the peace of Europe, Parnell was no reed but an oak. It was not in his nature to withdraw before threats. At the beginning, his intuition was unquestionably right, and the great mass of the public in Ireland believed that the scandal was merely another English plot similar to the famous 'Pigott Forgeries.' Parnell was well aware that Gladstone had thorough knowledge of his relationship with Mrs. O'Shea and had, in fact, used her as an intermediary on certain occasions. So he thought it scarcely possible for even the conscience of the great leader of non-conformist England to be shocked at that stage of the game. But the evil fates that have always followed the great leaders of Ireland were not to be evaded.

On the 18th of November, 1890, Parnell's followers held a great meeting at Dublin. It was presided over by the Lord Mayor and attended by such prominent leaders as John Redman, Swift-McNeil, T. D. Sullivan and others. At it a resolution was unanimously passed to 'stand by Parnell despite proceedings in the Divorce Court.' But some of his friends advised Parnell to retire until the storm had blown over; Cecil Rhodes sent him a three word telegram which, if he had followed it, would have saved his leadership: 'Resign, marry, return. Rhodes.' Within ten days the tide had turned. On December 3rd a meeting of the Archbishop and Bishop of Ireland determined openly to oppose Parnell, and on December 6th, in that famous meeting in Committee Room 15, a majority of the party left him.

It is impossible here to tell more of these last months, but Mrs. Leamy has shown us how the people of Ireland and their leaders felt in this crisis—the passions and jealousies, bigotries and stupidities that led to the be-

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trayal of their leader. Her book is a sympathetic study of the great leader's last days. She is the widow of Parnell's 'faithful follower' Edmund Leamy, poet, editor, and author of some of the most charming fairy tales which have ever been written in English. Her book fills many of the gaps in our knowledge.

But more valuable even than the feelings of a small group of Parnell's intimate friends as we see them in this book was the fact that this cold, austere Saxon was, in the minds of the Irish peasants, the last of their great tribal chieftains, that he was O'Neil and O'Donald again. With no thought of self, he had devoted himself to all the clans of Erin, and while they gave him the same devotion their cause was safe. Again the Catholic Church, as so many times before in the history of Ireland, had set itself against the best interests of national unity.

Parnell was right that day in Galway in 1886 when he turned dramatically to the crowd before his hotel and said: '. . . Destroy me and you take away that Parliament . . . Destroy me and there will arise a shout from all the enemies of Ireland . . . Ireland no longer has a leader.'

—John Burke

Bankers, Statesmen and Economists. *By Paul Einzig. London: Macmillan and Company. 1935. 252 pages. $3.50.*

The Exchange Clearing System. *By Paul Einzig. London: Macmillan and Company. 1935. 220 pages. $3.50.*

World Finance, 1914–1935. *By Paul Einzig. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. 382 pages. $3.00.*

Occasional papers seldom make a satisfactory book; but Dr. Einzig's collection has at least the merit of a definite point of view. He is a leading exponent of the 'unorthodox' school of finance, which opposes any attempt to restore the free gold standard and is willing to put up with a good deal of instability rather than risk an early stabilization on the old lines. He is a 'planner' as regards both trade and currency—and therefore takes a more favorable view of Mr. Roosevelt's economics than could be found among financiers of the United States. His essays deal with the leading events and personalities of the depression; and while some of them are already out-of-date, they provide the specialist with an interesting series of footnotes to history. That is about as much as can be said for them.

In the second of the above volumes, Dr. Einzig sets forth his position on international currency stabilization *in extenso*. For the non-expert it will suffice to say that his thesis is based on a denial that free multilateral trade and exchange will or can ever produce a sufficient degree of stability. He therefore favors for permanent retention the system of controlled exchange clearing that is already embodied in some hundred-and-fifty international clearing agreements. The principle is that importers, exporters, and others having dealings in foreign exchange are required to conduct their operations through an official central agency, which, in coöperation with such agencies abroad, offsets and balances claims between the countries. The existence of such institutions makes possible a direct control of foreign trade by Governments, through licenses or exchange certificates; and critics of the system, looking at Governments as they are, prefer the risks of *laissez faire* to the possible consequences of such control. But while Dr. Einzig is willing to admit the inevitability of a lot of red tape, he maintains that the prospects of international trade are better under the clearing system than they could ever be under a revamped 'automatic' gold standard.

The last of the three books—which is by far the best for the general reader—carries the point of view still farther. In a critical survey of the entire post-War period, Dr. Einzig develops the thesis that the increase of fictitious wealth out of all proportion to real wealth demands a general devaluation of currencies, varying in degree, to which he applies the popular euphemism *reflation*. He favors the retention of gold parities only on the understanding that the monetary authorities shall change them whenever heavy and persistent pressure renders it expedient; and such parities, he adds, could only be determined after a 'drastic devaluation of the major currencies.'

Nor will this alone bring even internal stability; complete economic planning is the ultimate solution. 'It is only if a central authority keeps a tight grip on production and distribution that monetary expansion can lead to a permanent increase of human welfare.' To leave no room for doubt, the book jacket emphasizes the need for 'sacrificing a large part of our economic freedom.'

While there will be many who concur in Dr.

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Einzig's assault on *laissez faire* and liberal capitalism, the question whether other kinds of freedom can survive while economic freedom is given up is one that no reader can avoid. Dr. Einzig does not bother about it. His concern stops with the economic criteria. But granting that they cannot be violated with impunity, there remains the uncomfortable reflection that stability too widely extended bears a nasty resemblance to *rigor mortis*.

—William Orton

A Place in the Sun. *By Grover Clark. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 224 pages. $2.50.*

The Balance Sheets of Imperialism. *By Grover Clark. New York: Columbia University Press. 1936. 136 pages. $2.75.*

In these two significant volumes Grover Clark has done for imperialism what Sir Norman Angell did years ago for war. The first volume contains the detailed arguments, and the second the necessary statistical data, to prove beyond all doubt that imperialism as such does not pay. The proof consists in refuting the three principal reasons usually given to justify the seizure of colonies: that they provide an outlet for surplus population; that they result in increased trade; that they provide access to raw materials that bring profits in time of peace and greater security in time of war. The conclusions are made perfectly clear. Colonies attract far fewer emigrants than do other regions; the few thousands living in the colonies solve no problem of excess population. In the case of Germany and Italy it is shown that the *total* trade of their colonies was less than their cost! In respect of raw materials it is pointed out that for most countries access becomes impossible in times of war and that in times of peace more raw materials are purchased elsewhere than are produced in the colonies. 'When the balance sheets are added up, all the final figures on imperialism must be written in red.'

It is an open question whether the three arguments advanced to justify colonial ventures were sincerely meant or whether they functioned as mere slogans whereby interested traders won national support for their private economic enterprises. Are not these three reasons very much like those questionable and insincere arguments which are used for the tariff? Granted that nations *as such* lost by the possession of colonies, it becomes pertinent to ask whether individual traders made any profits or not. Although the main thesis is not directly affected by the matter, it would be of interest to students to know how large a part of the colonial deficit is ascribable to expenditures made in behalf of the natives. This issue is touched upon for the reason that if Mr. Clark's conclusions had proved that money was made in colonies, some critics would be sure to point out that the money was made at the natives' expense.

Although Mr. Clark is obviously suggesting to Japan, Italy, and Germany that they should not seek colonies, he does not pursue his own logic to the point of recommending that all imperialistic nations surrender their colonial liabilities. Curiously, he feels that some colonial system must be maintained. He favors a system under such rigid international control that complete economic equality in these areas is assured to all nations. No light, however, is thrown on the serious predicament of those countries whose lack of gold makes it impossible for them to purchase necessary raw material even under such ideal conditions.

—Harry R. Rudin

I Was a Soviet Worker. *By Andrew Smith, supplemented by Maria Smith. With an appendix of photographs and documents. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1936. 298 pages. $3.00.*

Both the name and the record of Andrew Smith have been sufficiently exposed to discredit his entire 'line' on the Soviet Union. The present volume contains, in a much expanded form, material similar to that published in Abraham Cahan's reactionary paper, the *Jewish Daily Forward*, and subsequently also in the Hearst press. That Mr. Smith is known to have received payment for his articles from the Hearst organization will 'place' him for those who, like Professor Charles A. Beard, believe that no self-respecting American would touch Hearst with a ten-foot pole. It is suggested that those who like to know 'both sides' of a question, read Mr. Smith's emotional and intemperate volume in connection with the magnificent two-volume work on *Soviet Communism* by Sidney and Beatrice Webb.

H. W.

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DAYS OF WRATH. *By André Malraux. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. With a foreword by Waldo Frank. New York: Random House. 1936. 174 pages. $1.75.*

TO THE keener minds and creative spirits of our day, no single experience of modern times has caused so much fear for the future of art and society as has the advent of Fascism in Germany. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Malraux who wrote in *La Condition Humaine* the story of the Chinese revolutionary uprisings should be impelled by the tragedy across the Rhine to place his remarkable literary genius at the service of his 'German comrades' (to whom, in fact, the book is dedicated) in order 'to make known what they had suffered and what they had upheld.'

Days of Wrath is less a novel than an epic poem in prose, portraying the struggle of the Communists and underground oppositionists against the National Socialist dictatorship. Kassner the Communist is, indeed, the symbol of those unsung martyrs in the battle for a society cleansed of oppression and injustice. He is imprisoned by the Nazis as a suspicious character, although his jailers are unaware of his identity as one of the intellectual leaders and organizers of the Communists. While in prison for nine days he is mercilessly beaten and, lying in a dark cell, hears the dungeon resound with the screams and moanings of his tortured fellow-prisoners. His almost crazed mind wanders back to the 'days of wrath' which have been his past: to his participation in the revolutionary movements in Russia and in China; and to his dream of a glorious future for the shackled masses of mankind.

Finally, as he is about to attempt suicide, he hears a knocking on the stone; and, after puzzling out the code, realizes that it is a fellow-prisoner tapping out the message: 'Comrade, take courage.' But the tapping is interrupted by the sound of guards entering the cell of the unknown comrade, and by his cries as he is pummeled into unconsciousness. Kassner '. . . deprived of brotherhood as he had been of dreams and hope . . . waited in the silence which hung over the desires of hundreds of men in that black termite's nest . . . For as many hours, as many days as were needed, he would prepare what could be told to the darkness . . .'

Finally, he is led out of the cell and given his freedom: some fellow-prisoner had pretended to be Kassner so as to save him whose leadership of the movement was so necessary. He escapes by airplane to Prague, where he rejoins his wife and child. But his joy at freedom is tempered by a new realization of his responsibility to those who, in the Germany he had fled, were working out the obscure destiny of a blood-stained earth. So he returns to take up the struggle, for 'what was man's freedom but the knowledge and manipulation of his fate?'

—MELVIN M. FAGEN

SALAR THE SALMON. *By Henry Williamson. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 1936. 301 pages. $2.50.*

NATURALIST and master of words, Henry Williamson brings his artistry and the clear light of his knowledge and understanding to the salmon and its life history. He shows us, too, the teeming life of the river and the sea, and something of the fishermen and poachers who live by the river's banks and get their living from its waters. Out of the story of the salmon and its voyaging from fresh water to ocean and its return to the river he has made a richly detailed, poetic, and deeply interesting narrative.

Coming to its end regretfully, we think vaguely of all the host of disheartening men and women in all the novels we have read in the last year or so, and yearn to meet instead other engaging fish within the covers of books, and far, far fewer wishy-washy, dull, ridiculous, and unpleasant people.

—HENRY BENNETT

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AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

A Symposium—IV

THE following contribution to the Symposium is by Walter Francis Frear, who has had a long and distinguished career in Hawaii, where he served as a Justice of the Supreme Court and later, for six years, as Governor. Mr. Frear writes:—

Practically all will agree that the United States should continue coöperation with the League in its splendid humanitarian non-political activities; but as to 'joining,' which implies political action, particularly with reference to war and peace, the prospect has never been so remote, and with reason, notwithstanding continued ardent advocacy by many whose opinions are entitled to great respect.

At the outset, when we were still somewhat flushed with the idea that the War had been a war to end war and to make the world safe for democracy, the prospect was fair, at least with precautionary reservations, and possibly would have been realized but for President Wilson's unwillingness to pursue an obviously more politic course.

But what disillusionment! Suspicion, distrust, fear, hate, armament orgy, economic isolation, debt repudiation, jettison of democracy, disregard of fundamental human rights, treaty violation, international brigandage—a considerable reversion to the law of the jungle.

True, the League has proved effective in adjusting a number of minor international disputes or conflicts, but accumulating evidence has produced growing conviction that, after all, it is too little a body animated by high purposes in the long-range interests of all, great and small, and too much a body to be controlled and utilized or ignored, singly or in combinations, by its more powerful members in their own more or less short-range respective interests—the old poker game. Not but that its members have differed much in predisposition and outlook. As a working aggregate, however, for major purposes it has been a sad disappointment.

It is possible, of course, that entry of the United States into the League would improve matters; but would the venture be worth the risk? Mindful of our illusion upon entry into the War, the enormous sacrifice, the futility, except that it seemed preferable that the Allies should win, and the deluge of aftermath, would it not be sounder at least to defer entry until there is fairly convincing proof of conversion to a different attitude and courage for the right and the spirit of neighborliness? After all, is not the League practically a European league as to political matters, and, so far as European war and peace and questions arising out of the narrow nationalism of European states are concerned, why should the United States become involved as a party with all the responsibilities and dangers? Should it not rather avoid undue risk and sacrifice as a partner and yet coöperate to the extent that seems practicable and advisable?

Perhaps we should not judge the European nations too harshly under their difficult circumstances—especially bearing in mind the self-seeking organized minority pressure groups of our own country. It may be, moreover (and there are encouraging indications), that in spite of some appearances to the contrary, all things are working together for good, and that, before the terrifying lesson of the Great War shall have been forgotten and under the compelling force of more recent experiences, there will emerge, if not something in the nature of a United States of Europe, a modified League or at least a more neighborly coöperative concert, particularly as to economic, monetary and military policies.

As to coöperation in League sanctions: conceding for purposes of argument that, notwithstanding size, resources, location and supposed enlightenment, we should not as a nation assume an altruistic big-brother attitude, it should go without saying that ordinarily it is to the interests of the United States not only to keep out of war but that war should be prevented or shortened or kept from spreading. War, especially if either belligerent is a major power, cannot but be detrimental and may be dangerous to other powers under present conditions of world solidarity and methods of warfare. Aside from patent economic and other repercussions, there may be even more serious

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effects, such as a set-back to the movement for the outlawry of war and the preservation of the sanctity of treaties.

Here, for instance, is a nation, say Italy, one of more than fifty under the Covenant and one of more than sixty under the Pact of Paris—substantially all the nations of the world. In violation of its solemn obligations under both instruments and in defiance of world opinion, it wages a war of conquest against a fellow party to both agreements. The other parties to the Covenant endeavor to restrain it by sanctions. We are a party to the Pact. The parties (other than the offender) to both instruments are in general accord as to the violation. Under these circumstances, would it not be the part of wisdom, if not of moral duty as a member of the family of nations and a party to the Pact, to extend our neutrality policy sufficiently to coöperate in the sanctions to the extent that we concur in the judgment of the League as to their scope, within proper limits from our standpoint; and thus avoid as far as may be either aiding the aggressor or obstructing the efforts of the League to peace?

The temporary Neutrality Resolution of August, 1935, since extended with additions, was, in fact, as far as it went, whatever the intention, coöperative with the League sanctions, and to broaden its scope so as to coöperate more fully would be only a matter of degree. The President, when he signed the Resolution, said: 'The policy of the Government is definitely committed to the maintenance of peace and the avoidance of any entanglements which would lead us into conflict. At the same time it is the policy of the Government by every peaceful means and without entanglement *to coöperate with other similarly minded Governments to promote peace.*' (Italics ours.)

The view has been widely entertained that whatever neutrality policy we might adopt should be made applicable impartially to both belligerents. There is nothing in international law that requires this. It is purely a question of policy. The non-discriminatory view seems to be in part a hold-over from the old idea of 'neutrality' and, in part, a corollary of the ultra 'isolationist' concept.

A Neutrality Resolution introduced last August by the Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs at the instance of the Administration proposed to give the President discriminatory power, so that he might distinguish between the assailant and the victim and aid rather than obstruct the efficacy of the League sanctions. The majority did not acquiesce, but only as a matter of policy and without time for adequate consideration. The not-adopted but much discussed and widely approved Capper Resolution of February, 1929, designed to implement the Pact of Paris, was aimed against the violator alone. The suggested Re-draft of the Neutrality Resolution of last year, prepared by a committee of the National Peace Conference, was likewise based on the obligations of the Pact of Paris. This provided that if the President should find that one or more of the belligerent countries was attacked in contravention of the Pact, and a majority of the other non-belligerent parties to the Pact concurred in the finding, he might, with the consent of the Congress, revoke the embargoes as to such country or countries—as the League did with reference to Ethiopia. The members of the Conference were unable to agree 'whether embargoes should be applied impartially against belligerents in all situations or whether under certain circumstances such embargoes should be lifted against the nation attacked in violation of the Pact.'

If, as is unquestioned, we may rightfully embargo against both belligerents, lifting the embargo against the victim would not give the aggressor a just or legal claim that we should do the same as to it. While its feelings might be a little more hurt, it would be in the embarrassing position of asking us to overlook its breach of obligation to us under the Pact; and the feelings that other nations might have if we obstructed their efforts to peace are not to be ignored. To distinguish between the wrongdoer and the wronged, so far as we may rightfully act at all, would not only be technically lawful and conducive to world peace but would comport with our sense of justice and be more satisfying to our conscience and self-respect.

It is difficult to conceive how this could be dangerous. The aggressor, Italy, for instance, has no right to demand that we have any particular intercourse with it; we would have the moral support of the rest of the world; and it would be suicidal for Italy to attack us. If in any case it could be dangerous, a sufficient safeguard would be the requirement of a finding by the President, with the concurrence of the other parties to the Pact on the question of violation, and action by the President only with the consent of the Congress on

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the question of embargoes. The opposite policy might be more detrimental, as well as less conscionable, even if neither policy were dangerous from the standpoint of involvement in war.

As to neutrality in general, a most notable thing has happened in the last two years or so, nothing less than a right-about-face in our traditional policy—from insistence on rights to yielding them. Insistence on the 'freedom of the seas' and our right to trade with belligerents drew us into the war of 1812 and the World War. We now seem to have resolved: 'Never again.' The basis of the new policy, in the words of its leading exponent, Charles Warren, is that 'the right of the nation to keep out of war is greater than the right of a citizen to engage in trade which might implicate the nation in war.' As Admiral Sims has said, 'It is a choice of profits or peace.'

Hence, we now say to our people: 'Do not trade at all with a belligerent in certain things and, while we do not forbid you to trade in other things, yet, if you do, it will be at your own risk.' This is part of the price of peace.

This policy was pursued by the Congress in its Neutrality Resolution of a year ago as far as it went. It forbade the export, to or for the use of belligerents, of 'arms, ammunitions, or implements of war' and the carriage thereof in American vessels; also the traveling of American citizens on belligerent vessels except at their own risk. The President went further and accompanied his Proclamation under the Resolution by the statement that 'any of our people who voluntarily engage *in transactions of any character* with either of the belligerents do so at their own risk.' (Italics ours.) In extending the Resolution this year the Congress added a ban on loans and credits and made an exemption in favor of American republics at war with non-American powers. A promising new era has dawned in our neutrality policy.

THERE is need, however, that the Congress should work out a more comprehensive permanent program. Just how far we should go in embargoing trade may be a question. We are under no obligation to embargo at all, but our people, if they should trade in contraband, would do so at their own risk even in the absence of Governmental declaration—and under changing conditions of warfare the list of contraband is ever being extended—incidentally giving rise to uncertainties and disputes. The Neutrality Resolution referred to is limited to 'arms, ammunitions, or implements of war' and is mandatory as to these and against both belligerents. It needs broadening. Even if left mandatory as to these items and both belligerents it should be extended permissively to 'basic' or 'key' war materials such as oil, coal, iron, steel, copper, etc., essential to conducting modern warfare—perhaps with some limitations on the exercise of judgment by the President. Logic would seem to call for such extension—whether with reference to keeping out of war or preventing or shortening a war or keeping it from spreading. Why ban munitions but furnish the materials for making them? As to all trade not banned, the principle of the President's statement above quoted, that 'trade shall be at the trader's risk,' should be incorporated into the law.

The law should be flexible. As the President has said, 'it is a fact that no Congress and no executive can foresee all possible future situations. History is filled with unforeseeable situations that call for some flexibility of action. It is conceivable that situations may arise in which the wholly inflexible provisions of this Act (the Neutrality Resolution) might have exactly the opposite effect from that which was intended. In other words, the inflexible provisions might drag us into war instead of keeping us out.' There may be such various circumstances at the outset and these may change during the war. Are the respective belligerents sea powers or not? where are they? what are their sizes? what are their relative strengths? how far relatively are the raw materials and manufactured articles produced in the belligerent countries in our country and in other countries? how far will other nations coöperate? how far will the embargoes disrupt our own economic structure? how far will they divert our normal trade to our competitors? how will they affect the respective belligerents? how enforcible practically will they be, as, for instance, where there is likelihood of attempted shipments through another neutral? are other powers likely to be drawn in? etc., etc. The broader the scope of the permissible embargoes, the greater the need of flexibility. Besides adaptability to the situation, a material advantage of flexibility is that it would keep a possible aggressor in the dark as to what it might expect, and at the same time it would afford opportunity to negotiate—perhaps with the result even of preventing the contemplated war.

In any event, opposition must be expected

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from the would-be profiteers. There were protests against the President's announcement that trade would be at the trader's risk. The answer of course is that it is more important that the nation be kept out of war than that some of its nationals should make extraordinary profits out of the necessities of the belligerents. To avoid undue distress to normal trade, either that may be allowed to continue on designated quotas, or, if the situation would not permit of that, those who suffer unduly may be compensated. If restriction of trade in any articles to pre-war quotas should be deemed necessary or sufficient, it should have authorization by law. Statistics show that 'moral suasion,' attempted by the President in the case of Italy, is inadequate. In any case the nation's interests should come first, and compensation to those on whom the burden specially falls would not only be just but be small as compared with the cost of war.

The legislation should be enacted in advance, without reference to any impending conflict, so that it may be considered on its merits on broad principles. If left for each case, not only might the Congress not be in session or there might be too hasty action, but also there would be greater danger of opposition from interested groups—interested in prospects for profits or avoidance of losses or moved by racial or emotional prejudices. The activities of American-Italian organizations last year, when the Neutrality Resolution was under consideration, will be recalled.

Of course, 'neutrality,' which, like 'sanctions,' if not a misnomer, is liable to misconception, has to do with much besides trade and financial transactions by our people with belligerents. It embraces the whole policy of a neutral as such, covering such other matters as our treatment of a belligerent's warships, armed or unarmed, commercial vessels, submarines, aircraft, etc., in or desirous of entering our country, supplying them on the high seas, recruiting of their nationals, enlistment by our nationals, use of our flag for deceptive purposes, internment, radio control, etc., etc. These are already covered in part by the Neutrality Resolution and previous legislation. They, as well as the large subject of inherent difficulties of practical operation, need not be gone into here.

The main point is that comprehensive legislation should be worked out by competent unbiased minds with a view *both* to keeping us out of war *and* to promoting world peace; not with the idea of aiding some of our people in making profits, or of carrying chips on our shoulders, or of crawling, like a hermit crab, into our shell.

ANOTHER reply comes from Charles J. Connick, Boston's well-known designer and worker in stained and leaded glass. Mr. Connick's emphasis is somewhat different:—

I have always looked upon the League of Nations as a brave new effort in the right direction, and I recall with something like humiliation the political jugglery and ballyhoo that brought about its first defeat at Washington.

Useless as it is to speculate about what might have happened had the United States joined the League of Nations then, it is certainly safe to say that the situation in the world would be no worse than it is today.

Even those of us who say that we are safely out of that terrible mess in Europe must pause at times to speculate as to just how safe we really can be in the event of another European war.

Can we avoid taking sides, and can we resist the forces of hysteria that had their way with us in 1917–18?

Whatever the answers to these questions may be, I am heartily of the opinion that every encouraging answer would touch somehow or other the circle of influence we associate with the League of Nations. That influence, I know, has been toward good will and good sense more often than it has been toward destruction and despair.

I am not deceived by its well-advertised failures, for I know that it has succeeded in helpful efforts, not so well advertised throughout the world. But more important than its actual achievements is the League's position among forces that are frankly and enthusiastically opposed to the Christian ideals of its founders.

The pagan world is awake and agog—fully intent upon testing Christian ideals with all the power it commands. Is the Christian world equal to such a test without some sort of a working and workable unit like the League of Nations? I wonder!

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE National Council for Prevention of War, Washington, D. C., is concentrating its efforts during these pre-election months on putting 'peace people in power.' Through its departments, which reach organized labor, the great farm groups, women's organizations, Church members, and young voters, the Council is stressing the importance of electing to Congress candidates who will work for and vote for a peace program.

The Council's six-point program includes a national defense policy based on defense of our soil from invasion, not of our interests abroad; easing of international tensions through reciprocal trade agreements and stabilization of currencies; stronger neutrality legislation including embargoes on basic war materials; international coöperation in the settlement of disputes by peaceful means in accordance with the principles of the Kellogg Pact; nationalization of the munitions industry and taxing the profits out of war; watchful maintenance of the constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, press and assembly.

The Council urges that peace groups in every congressional district learn how the candidates stand on each of these issues, and that votes be cast for or against them on the basis of their peace-war views. In its literature the Council points out that the prevention of war is really the only campaign issue, for it believes that only in an atmosphere of peace can social security, relief for farmers, and alleviation of unemployment be achieved.

IN RESPONSE to our request for information about the War Resisters League, Miss Jessie Wallace Hughan, American secretary of that organization, has sent us a long statement, from which we take the following:—

'"Practical" statesmen have tried, and failed [to end war]; but the war resistance movement places its faith neither in statesmen nor in Governments, but in peoples. Not only is it perfectly obvious that wars will cease when men refuse to fight, that it is not the rulers who make war, but the men behind the guns and the women and non-combatants who make and transport the guns and furnish the sinews of war. Something else is also true. History has convinced us that there is only one power which can prevent Governments from declaring war, and that is the knowledge that men and supplies will not be forthcoming.

'The American War Resisters League is affiliated with the War Resisters International, which has organized sections in thirty different countries, and is strongest in Great Britain. Its members are men and women who have signed the following declaration: "War is a crime against humanity. I therefore am determined not to support any kind of war, international or civil, and to strive for the removal of all the causes of war."

'War resistance, however, means more than conscientious objection. It means *a world-wide strike against every kind of war*, a strike in which tens of thousands have already enlisted, and which, when it reaches the hundred thousands, will see victory in sight . . . Since the goal of war resistance . . . is not the mere hampering of war, but its prevention, it is of the utmost importance that the strength of the opposition be made known beforehand. Every year the mounting number of war resisters' enrollments is reported to our Government; and every man or woman who has determined upon refusal to support war is urged to add strength to the movement by sending in his or her signed declaration. Blanks may be obtained from the Secretary, Jessie Wallace Hughan, 171 West 12th St., New York.'

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

intimate and revealing account of his character. This month we reproduce from the same source a quite different piece on Housman by Cyril Connolly, a young English critic and novelist [p. 499]. Mr. Connolly's attempt to belittle and make fun of Housman's verse brought the *New Statesman* a 'large and learned correspondence.' Those of our readers who take an interest in acrimonious literary controversies will enjoy reading the letters in the *New Statesman's* pages.

WHILE Mr. Connolly would reject the greater part of Housman's poetical output as cheap sentimentality, Cecil Maurice Bowra thinks that the principal failing of Housman's scholarship is the exacting standards he set in it. Mr. Bowra is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, co-editor of the *Oxford Book of Greek Verse*, and author of several books on Greek literature. His appraisal of Housman as a scholar comes from the London *Spectator*. [p. 502]

THE Nature of Fascism is an attempt to analyze and appraise the Italian brand of that well-nigh ubiquitous movement; it is especially interesting for the reason that it was written by a man who was a practising Fascist himself only a short time ago. Nicholas Chiaramonte is a young Italian journalist and critic; he has contributed criticisms and reviews to *L'Italia Letteraria*, Rome literary weekly, and has made a name for himself with his critiques of Giovanni Papini. In *The Nature of Fascism* he tells why he renounced both Fascism and Italy. [p. 515]

THE two short stories which we have grouped under the title *Tales of the Gaels* come respectively from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the Zurich German-language daily, and the *Adelphi*, Mr. John Middleton-Murry's London monthly. The first [p. 523] describes a bootlegging excursion in Ireland, the second [p. 526] a wake in Scotland. In both one finds the weird and ghostly atmosphere which runs like a continuous thread through the whole of Celtic literature, from the *Táin* to the poetry of William Butler Yeats.

THE Personages of the month are Léon Degrelle, the young Fascist leader who made such spectacular gains in the recent Belgian elections [p. 505]; Prince Paul, Regent of Yugoslavia and uncle of the schoolboy King [p. 509]; and Leslie Howard, the English movie star, as he is at home [p. 512].

THIS month's reviewers of Books Abroad are the Hon. Harold Nicolson, member of the British Parliament, indefatigable critic and book reviewer, and the author of *Peacemaking*, *Some People*, and a biography of his father, Lord Carnock; Aldous Huxley, the English novelist, whose latest novel, *Eyeless in Gaza*, has just been published; A. D. Lindsay, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, and Vice-Chancellor of the University; John Sparrow, author of *Sense and Poetry* and critic of the *Spectator;* Leo Lania, a German émigré whose *Moscow Buys* appeared in a recent issue of THE LIVING AGE; and Marcel Arland, French novelist and essayist.

OUR own reviewers include Benjamin N. Nelson, Instructor in Mediaeval and Renaissance History at City College in New York; William Orton, professor of economics at Smith College; Harry R. Rudin, instructor in history at Yale; John Burke, who writes that he is 'running for State Senator in a hopelessly Democratic district' of Connecticut; Melvin M. Fagen, formerly secretary to James G. McDonald, League of Nations Commissioner for Refugees from Nazi Germany, and now associated with the American Jewish Committee; and Henry Bennett, whose translation of a story by Pierre Galinier appeared in the July LIVING AGE.

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